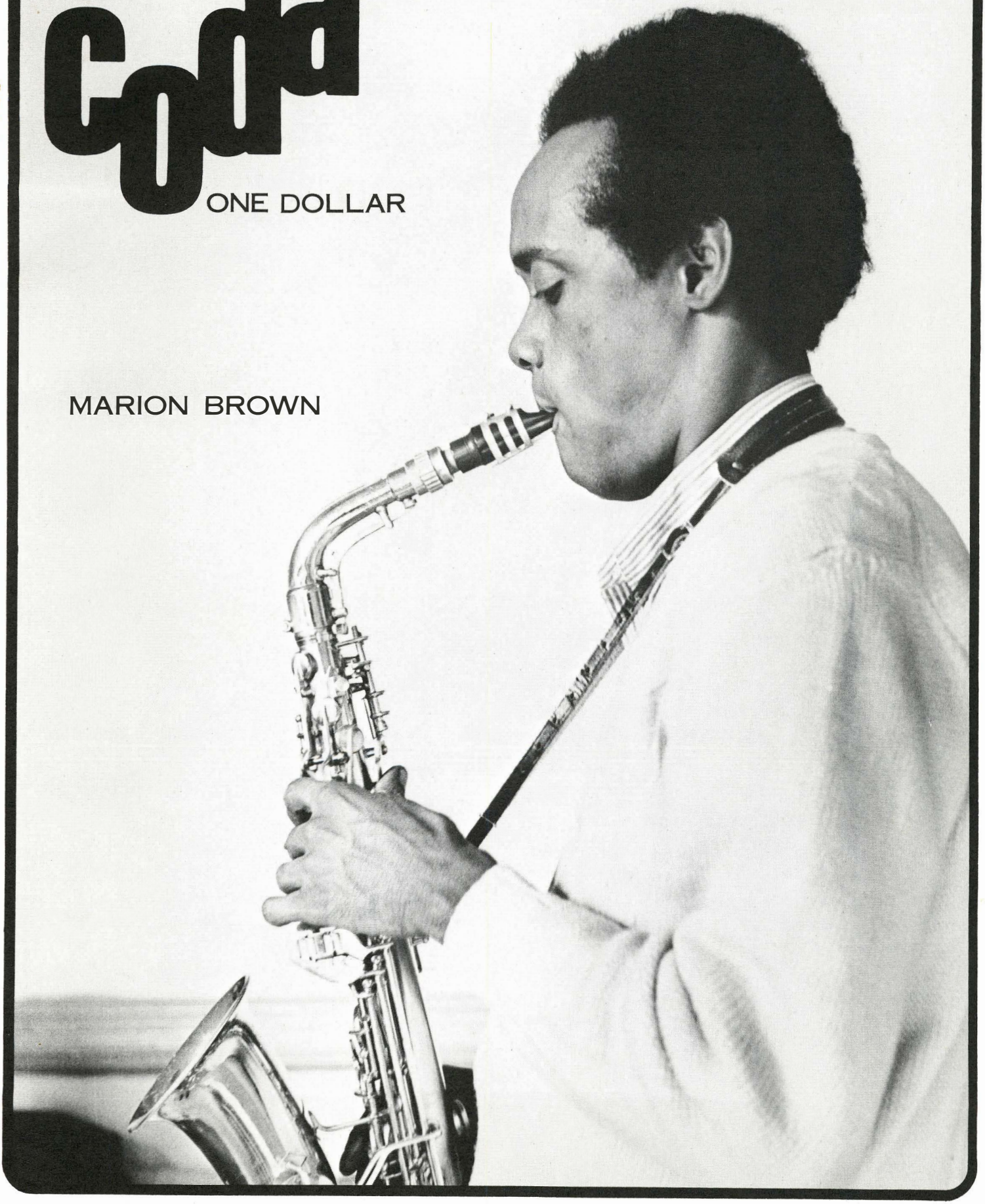
JULY 1976

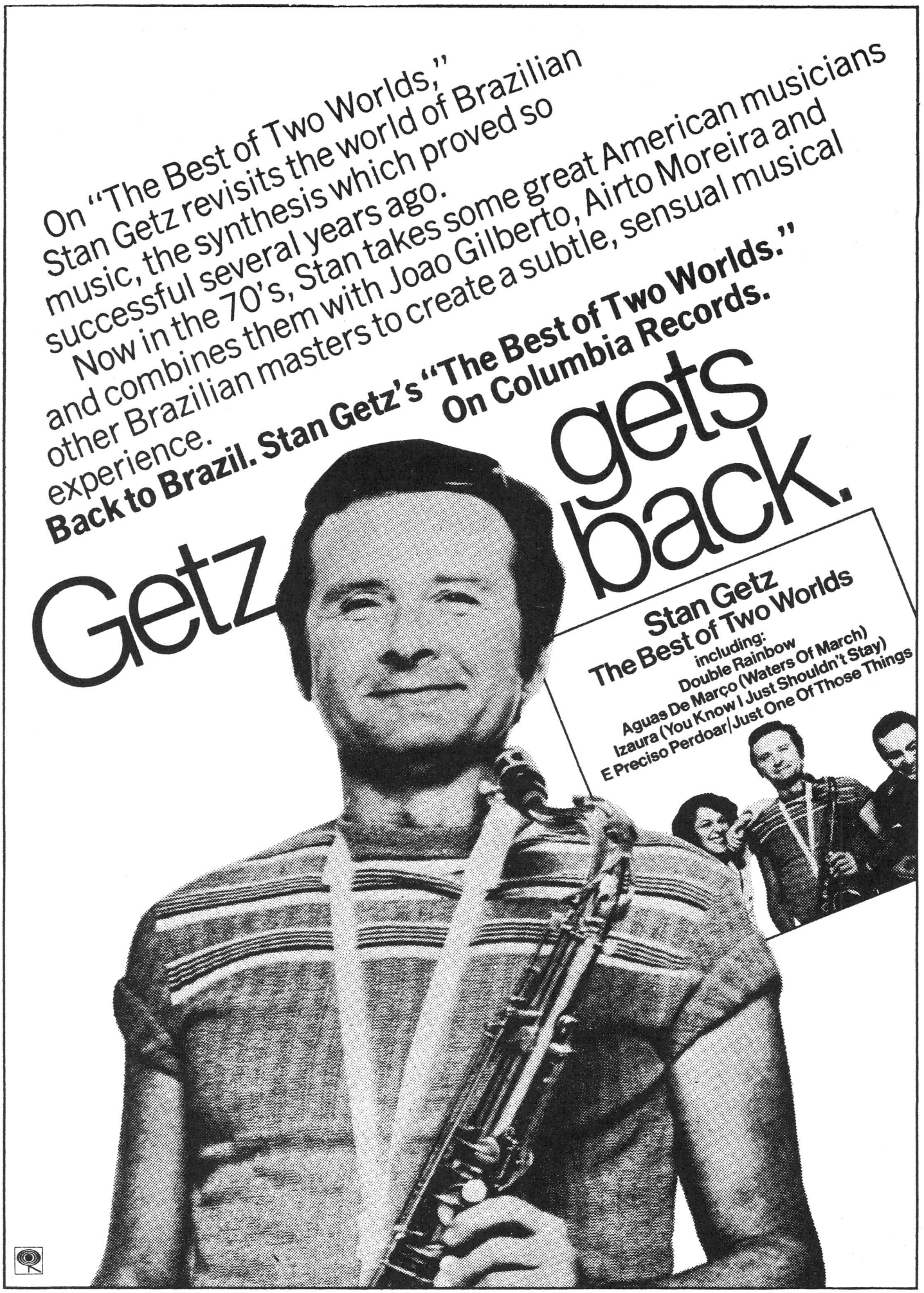
coda

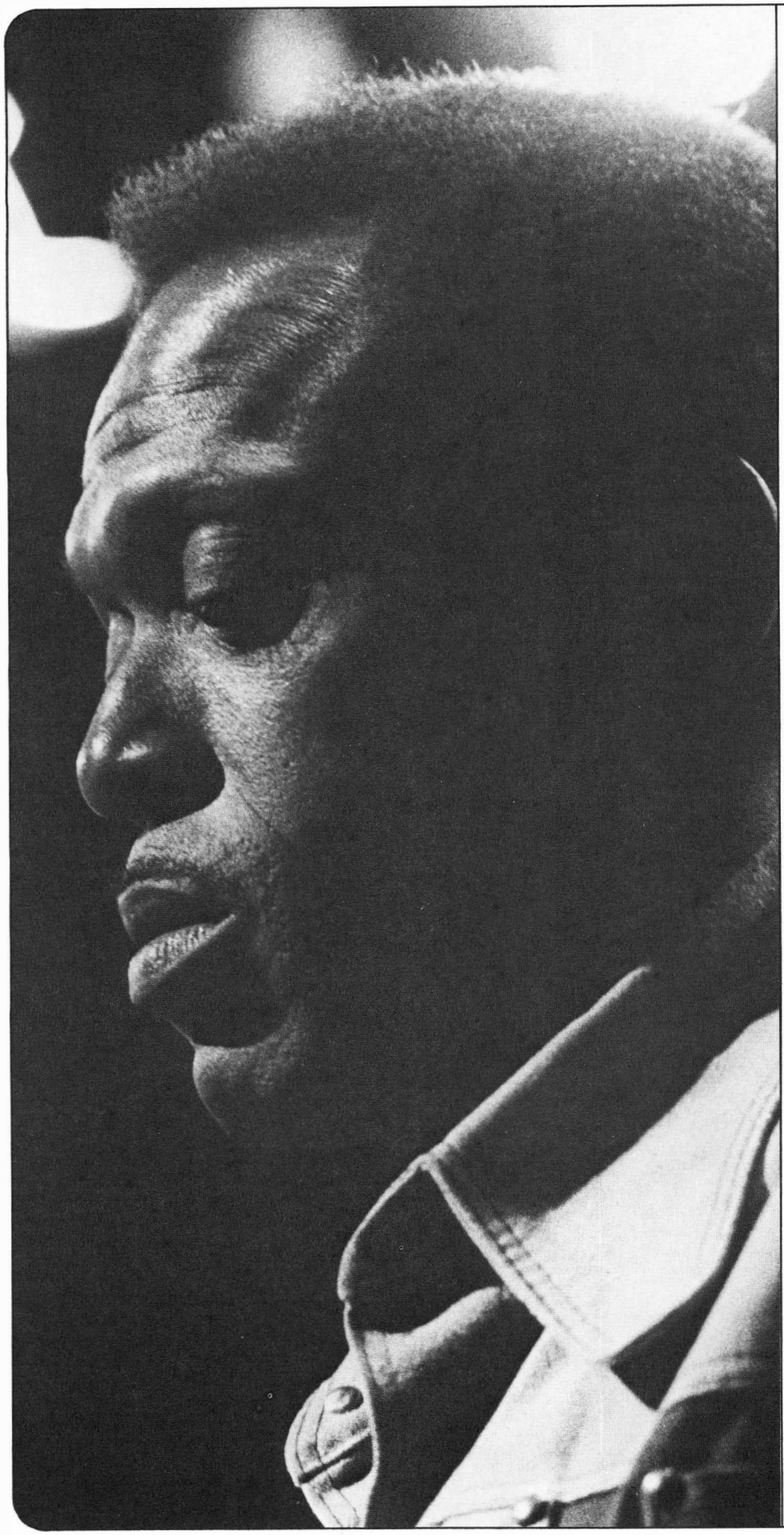
CANADA'S JAZZ MAGAZINE

ONE DOLLAR



MARION BROWN


On "The Best of Two Worlds,"
Stan Getz revisits the world of Brazilian
music, the synthesis which proved so
successful several years ago.
Now in the 70's, Stan takes some great American musicians
and combines them with Joao Gilberto, Airto Moreira and
other Brazilian masters to create a subtle, sensual musical
experience.
Back to Brazil. Stan Getz's "The Best of Two Worlds."
On Columbia Records.
Getz gets back.
Stan Getz
The Best of Two Worlds
including:
Double Rainbow
Aguas De Março (Waters Of March)
Izaura (You Know I Just Shouldn't Stay)
E Preciso Perdoar/Just One Of Those Things



Coda

July 1976 - Issue 149

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FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

COVER

MARION BROWN
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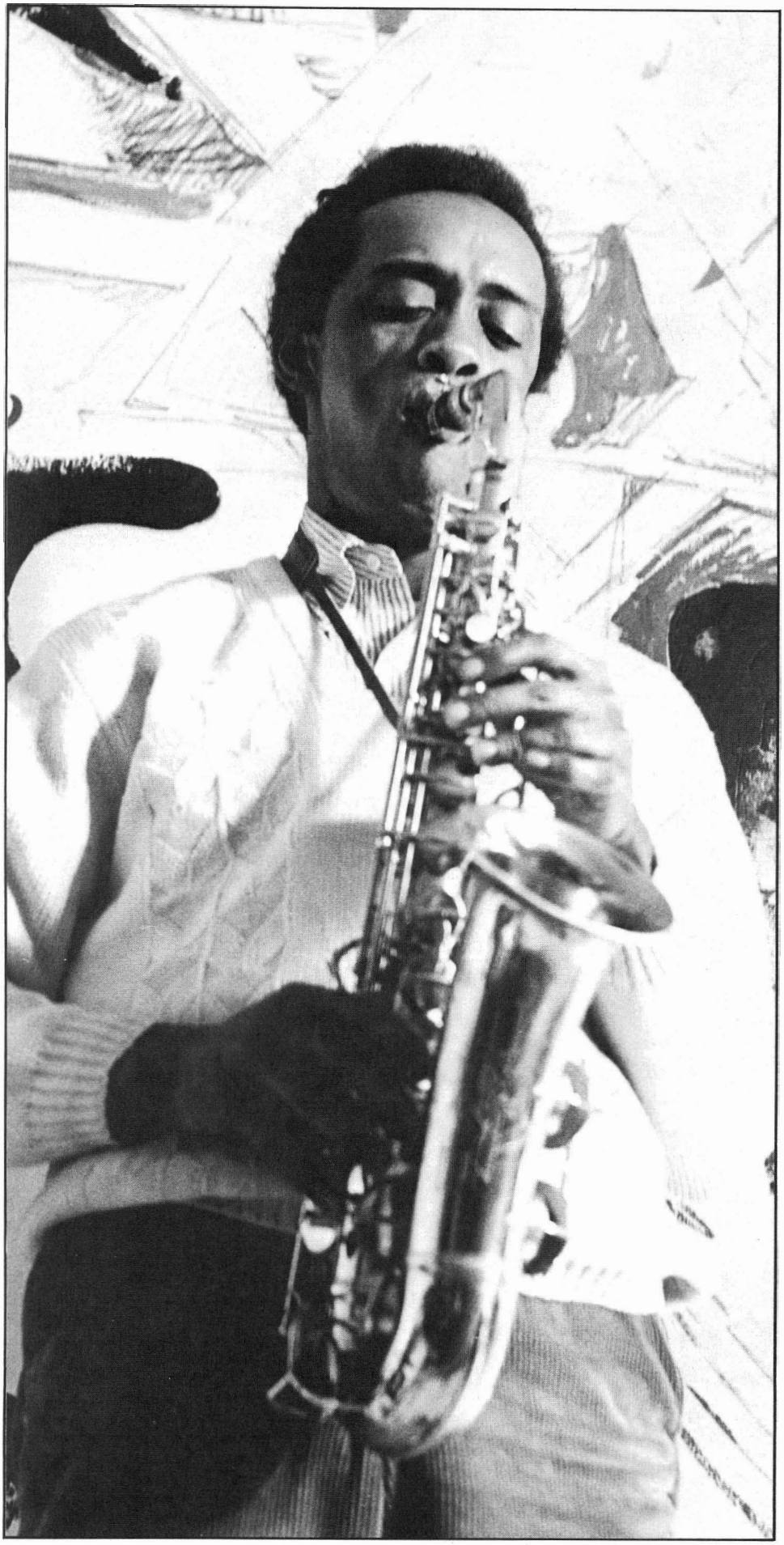


MARION BROWN

Vernon Frazer: Originally you received critical and public recognition as an alto saxophonist. What led to your current experimentation with bamboo flutes?

Marion Brown: Well, I'm doing it simply because a human being or an artist has a right to do anything he or she wants to do, when they feel it's necessary. They have that right in life. It doesn't mean that I'm de-emphasizing the saxophone. All it means is that I have a chance to enlarge my musical vocabulary. That's all I'm doing. It's not an alternative for anything. It's definitely not an alternative. It's an addition, something that would make me expand musically, rather than to contract or to be contracted. There's no other purpose than that, no psychological or philosophical reasons why. I've chosen it because I like it better than the silver flute.

V.F.: Is it related to anything you've been studying in recent years?

M.B.: Yes, it's related to the Japanese flute that I studied, Ethnomusicology, things like that. What I'm doing on the flute comes out of things I've heard and studied.

V.F.: In your February concert at Wesleyan University, you performed with three percussionists.

M.B.: Right. This is the same type of thing I'm doing here at Wooden Ships. The only difference is the time and place and, of course, a little more experience. But it's the same type of thing.

photograph of Marion Brown by Bill Smith

V.F.: On "Geechee Recollections" and the album you recorded live at Sommerhausen, you used a variety of percussion instruments which you didn't use on your earlier recordings. The rhythmic and textural qualities of your latest music differs drastically from what you were doing before.

M.B.: Well, the problem is that in the past musicians have only done one thing and you could always expect them to do this day by day, year by year. You get used to people being one way, you know, and now musicians do a lot of different things. I'm into more than anyone knows who's just heard my records or read anything about what I've done.

V.F.: On the albums I've heard recently, you've covered a lot of ground, from solo saxophone pieces to extended works to vocal experiments with Jeanne Lee. It's hard to categorize you. In comparison to your ESP recordings, "Sweet Earth Flying" and "Geechee Recollections" appear somewhat restrained. You seem to be guiding the direction of the music more than you did before.

M.B.: Yeah, I'm getting older.

V.F.: What do you mean by 'older', exactly?

M.B.: Well, older means - you know - more restraint. I don't feel like huffin' and puffin'. I don't feel like doing anything the way I used to do. I just want to take things in a different light.

V.F.: Although I never thought of your alto playing as frenetic, I know that you're capable of generating a high degree of intensity when you choose to. Most recently, though, you've developed several extended pieces in which the soloists move consciously from one section to another. How much of your work in recent recordings has been written out?

M.B.: Some, not all.

V.F.: The second side of "Geechee Recollections" seemed to flow continuously. Sometimes I thought that parts of it had been written out, but other times I thought you had given the soloists working in a particular section of a piece a casual frame of reference, more of a mood to evoke than an actual melody line...

M.B.: ...Well, that's what I usually do..

V.F.: ...so that they're free to work within that given context...

M.B.: Verbal orchestration.

V.F.: Verbal orchestration, as opposed to strict notation?

M.B.: It's not even opposed to it. I just don't always use it. I find myself in situations where I have to use it sometimes and then sometimes there's situations where I don't. What makes me able to operate in both these situations is being Black.

When I have to use notation it's in my background because I've been formally trained over a number of years. And then when I don't use it, it's in my background not to have to use it, because, while I've been formally trained to notate and write things down on paper or to read things that are written on paper, my growth and my training has also involved memorization in the oral tradition. My own oral tradition has been working for me right along with the formal. So I go whichever way I have to go. Because of my being Black I can choose either path. It's a consequence of my identity.

V.F.: On "Sweet Earth Flying" and "Geechee Recollections"....

M.B.: I didn't write nothing.

V.F.: Nothing?

M.B.: No, except for a couple of the pieces. I wrote out Sweet Earth Flying, Buttermilk Bottom and Once Upon A Time. But most of it was not written.

V.F.: That's interesting. I knew Buttermilk Bottom and Once Upon A Time were written out. But on Sweet Earth Flying I thought you probably gave Abrams and Bley a guide as to what they should play, but left them to develop the mood and texture of the piece themselves.

M.B.: That's what writing a simple song is: a guide. There again, I used one of my options. I didn't try to explain to them verbally what I wanted on piano. I put it down on paper within the limits of my writing capacity. They were able to do much more with it because they know more about the keyboard than I do. But it might have been an improvised piece, rather than that.

V.F.: According to the liner notes to "Sweet Earth Flying", you felt indebted to Miles Davis for the idea of using two keyboards.

M.B.: No, I didn't feel indebted to him, or anything like that, because I wasn't paying him a debt, or even a tribute. What I meant was that I appreciated the fact that in his creative thinking he had thought about using a second piano. Two is better than one of anything, usually, but I wasn't indebted to him for it. When I thought about doing it myself I thought that he had done it and that I had enjoyed what I heard of him doing it. But then there's the chance I might have thought of doing it on my own, too.

There's a way of looking at the relationship between the younger and older musicians wherein anything that the younger musicians say or do comes from older musicians in the sense of being indebted to them. Now, you're only indebted to people, man, who have a situation over you wherein they can get you tied up in terms of money or some other type of thing. The relationship is not usually as close-knit in the kindred sense.

V.F.: Your approach to using two keyboards is very different from Miles'. Miles uses the keyboards to fill in the space behind him with short bursts of sound. On "Sweet Earth Flying", on the other hand, the keyboards played countermelodies to your solo lines. Especially in Part Three, where the organ plays continuously throughout your solo.

M.B.: All they're doing is whatever they want to do, whatever they feel. So it is counter to and becomes counter to what I'm doing, you know. But the melody itself is written just for pianos alone to play.

V.F.: Have you ever considered using a synthesizer?

M.B.: I've been in a situation where a synthesizer has been used, but it wasn't my idea to use it. I haven't considered it so far. I may in the future. I just haven't come to that point. But I have not put it on a shelf to remain forever untouched or untapped.

V.F.: Until about a year ago, you were a professor at Bowdoin College. Then you came to Wesleyan University to obtain a Master's Degree in Music. Why did you decide to pursue an advanced degree? To me, it didn't....

M.B.: ...Seem like I needed one?

V.F.: Exactly.

M.B. Well, I don't. But then - I do. I don't need one by virtue of the standards I gave you earlier, concerning how I have to operate in the oral tradition in terms of an informality. I don't need it in terms of learning how to express myself. But I need it in terms of being connected with universities and getting any kind of a decent job.

V.F.: Essentially, then, you're dealing with it from an economic aspect?

M.B.: A utilitarian aspect. I have no sentiment about what I'm doing. My love for music is personal. But the love I have for music doesn't extend to the process and the idea of getting a degree. All I'm doing in that is being the type of citizen I have to be if I want to operate on a certain level. I don't want to work in a restaurant washing dishes in between jobs. I'd much rather be a part-time student or part-time professor.

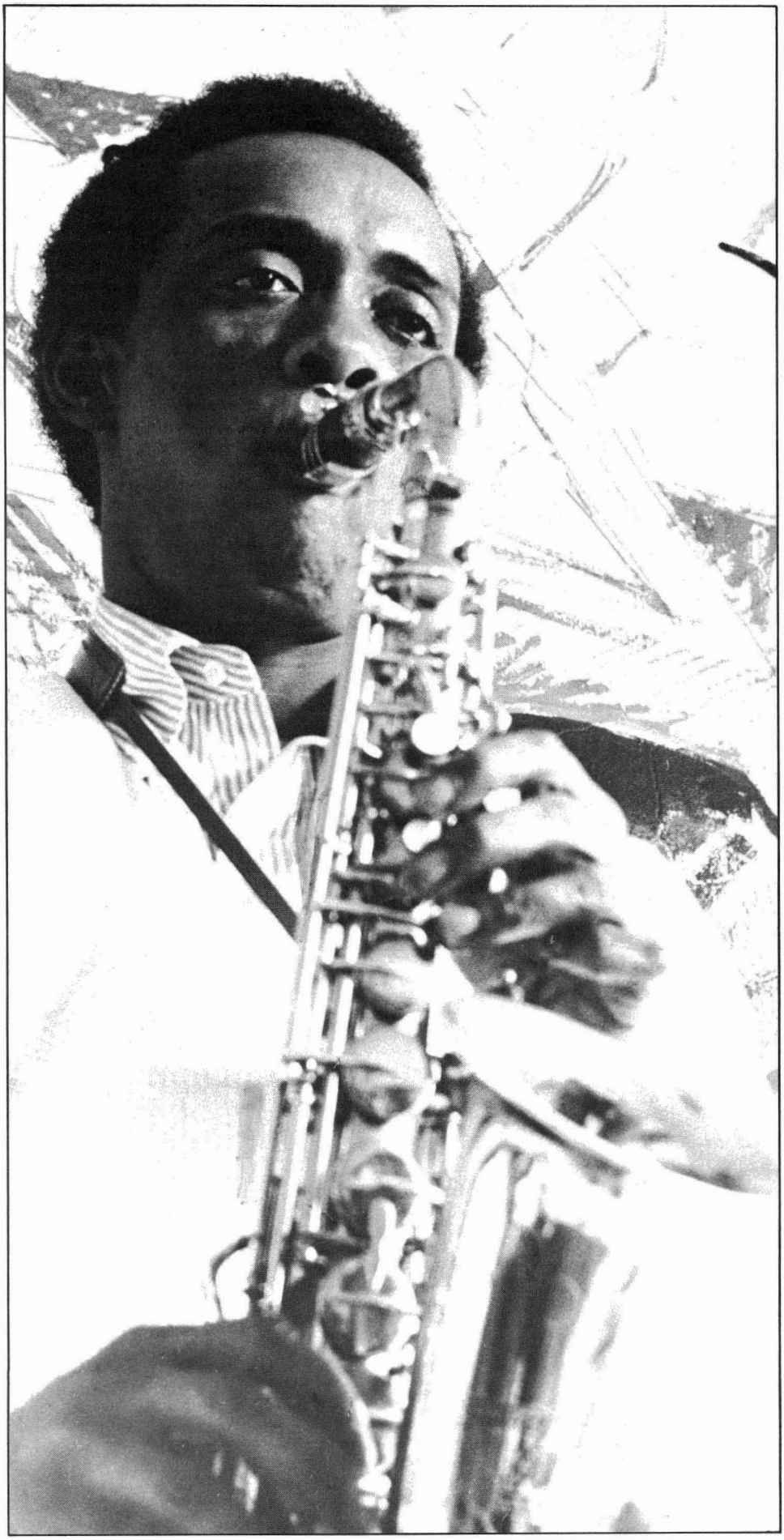
I don't even worry about all the things I used to worry about anymore, because I know what makes me happy. Most of all, it's just having someplace to go that I call home, having someplace to go that I call work and having someone like a family to relate to. Music is involved in all of that, whether I go out and perform or not. And it's not likely that I'll do a lot of performing, because my generation of musicians has had all of its performing years expropriated.

V.F.: What do you mean by 'expropriated'?

M.B.: Just taken. You perform your best at certain ages. In every phase of jazz there's usually been some environmental situation that fostered performing it. And we haven't had any. The musicians of my generation have been denied opportunities to perform where people could see us and document us the way music historians and critics did in other periods.

V.F.: Do you feel that any of the alternative organizations, such as the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, the Jazz Composers Orchestra or the WE Organization, have done anything to create a more receptive environment to perform the music in?

M.B.: Well, I guess it became obvious to these musicians that the clubowners and people booking concerts had been alienated from the music and that the music was not going to be accepted in the nightclubs, the only thing that they could do for survival was to band together. They acted according to a natural law of society. This is no different from a pack of dogs or animals banding together to survive, or a group of businessmen forming a club - let's say a Friars Club - in order to survive. So the musicians got



into that and saw it not as an alternative to anything but as a way, a way to create conditions under which they would like to work ideally and perform their music ideally, although many of these musicians I'm sure would have worked right in through the music system as it was, had the system itself given the music to the musicians.

V.F.: Do you feel then, that forming these organizations are essentially reactions, rather than attempts at solutions?

M.B.: Well, no, they are attempts at solutions, but attempts that come out of reactions. Had there been no reason to react this way, these organizations would never have arisen. But they are all of that, not so much for any reason that you or I may think, but as a natural thing to do in a situation like that. I mean, people do it in all other areas. The history of Labor and Management in the western world has been a history of struggle. Laborhas always sought to organize itself so it can get the things out of Management that it feels are its due. And Management has always sought to organize itself so it can stay on top of everything and satisfy everybody, but mostly themselves. The music world is no more than a microcosm of the whole world, or the whole society at large. It's just played out from a different stage.

V.F.: Economically speaking, it's all Labor-Management. Or, on another level, people obtaining and retaining power over those who don't have it.

M.B.: It's all the natural laws being carried out specifically under the headings of Music and Jazz. It's survival of the fittest. All that! One of the real pities of Jazz and some of the people who work close to it, in the case of historians and critics, is that they can relate to the music on the basis of what it is in itself, but they can't relate what it is in itself to the larger order of society and the world. This inability makes them have distorted ways of looking at the music too, because it becomes a kind of personal property you know, like a very expensive, very dear type of hobby or possession. I imagine a record collection to a real true record collector is analogous to a stone that a jewel collector might have acquired with a lot of money and kept in a little box on a piece of black velvet.

V.F.: Are there any ways that musicians can counteract the systems we've been discussing?

M.B.: Well, I don't think of it in terms of systems or counteracting systems. When I worked at the Jazz Showcase in Chicago, what I did was I got there every night on time. We always began our sets when we were supposed to. I found out what the club's policy was in the beginning. I observed the policies. I was enthusiastic about getting out and performing. If the time lingered on between sets it wouldn't be a case where the clubowner would go looking for the musicians. I would go looking for the owner, to get him to announce us.

It's a personal relationship, you know. Clubowners are just like anybody else. There are musicians who don't get

photograph of Marion Brown by Bill Smith

along very well with them and there are other musicians, like myself, that they can get along with and do very well with, because I'm interested in the business of what I'm doing. It just happens that I can deal again with that double thing: I can imbue the business of what I'm doing with the love of what I'm doing. It makes it possible for me to put together sounds that people like. The clubowner can't do anything but ring the cash register.

In trying to examine the differences between musicians and clubowners and the people who bookconcerts, what people have really done is to create a schism out of what is no more than a part of the natural order of things that exists on all levels of society. People involved in the world of Jazz make a special case out of it because this is where they see the wrongs. In addressing these wrongs the people have created situations wherein musicians and clubowners have gotten up on each others' necks and asses on the basis of what's been put out about a situation.

It's no different from any other situation. Whenever you're working for someone they can dictate to you the conditions you work under. I do that to guys who play with me. I tell them what time to come. There was even a time when I would tell them what to wear, what to play, all sorts of things like that. So it's part of the worker-employee relationship that exists not only in Jazz, but on all levels of society. But people talk a lot of crazy shit about Jazz club owners and Jazz musicians and all they do is put these people out in the middle of an arena like a rollerball contest and let them go at each other. And the musicians always lose. What the people on the side get out of it is that their makeup as humans gets fed by discord and dissent among people.

V.F.: How do you feel about living and working in an academic environment?

M.B.: Well, I like it, but most people think that it's incompatible with being a musician. They may be right, you know. They may be right...but it's a lot better than being a musician and not having anything to relate to. The only thing wrong with it is that it perhaps robs life in that it robs the history books of writing my story like everybody else. I probably won't starve in a room. I have money to buy myself some food. This is sort of incongruous with being a Jazz musician, you know.

V.F.: Do you think it's incongruous or do you feel that you have the right to choose your own lifestyle without regard for other people's stereotyped concepts of how a musician should live?

M.B.: Well, I take the right to choose to live my life the way I want to live because there's nothing more important to me than living the way I want to live. I don't care if I make any records anymore, playing engagements, or whatever. I just want to live and do what I want to do with my life and enjoy it. I enjoy the educational atmosphere, you know. Some people like being in the army or in a gang. My thing is being affiliated with schools. I don't guess they do anything wrong to me.

V.F.: Sometimes a university can give you a sense of security so that you can develop with less personal strain.

M.B.: Well, this is one of the hassles that musicians have. People always question whether a job that can provide security for an artist is a good thing for him. No one believes that you can make art or music and have a job, a place to live, stuff like that.

V.F.: In one of your earliest interviews you stated that it took five years before you could afford to get your own apartment in New York.

M.B.: Yeah, it took me that long. But it won't be like that anymore.

V.F.: Living in a university environment doesn't appear to have affected your creativity.

M.B.: I don't think the work I've done has suffered because of it. I know exactly what I'm doing, where I've gained and where I've lost. Most other people don't know that about what I'm doing. I haven't seen myself regressing in music, except insofar as I don't get the opportunity to perform as much.

V.F.: Has being affiliated with a university as a professor or student hindered your performing career?

M.B.: Only insofar as people say to themselves, Well, he's got a gig," "He's in school so he can't perform," or "He doesn't need it, "or "He doesn't want to."

V.F.: So the problem lies with other people's judgements, not with what you're currently doing?

M.B.: Yeah, right! They figure I've got a job so they don't need to be bothered with me. They give it to someone else.

V.F.: In the latest Downbeat Critics Poll you weren't....

M.B.: ...Mentioned?

V.F.: Well, not quite. The critics gave you four votes. I thought it was unfair because, in my opinion, your most recent work has been more interesting and original than the work of many alto saxophonists who placed higher in the Poll.

M.B.: Well, it could just be that Downbeat doesn't want to publish anything about me.

V.F.: Have you had experiences with them in the past which would suggest that?

M.B.: In this business you never have direct experiences with people. Every once in a while you may get into an argument with someone. But you don't have these direct experiences in Jazz. Someone hears your music or reads about you in an interview and that's it. I was reading a book on John Coltrane that justcame out, written by a man named C.O. Simpkins, and Coltrane was talking about an experience wherein he didn't get a record contract because a producer saw him leaning on a piano.

V.F.: That should be irrelevant.

M.B.: Oh, it should be. And it is. It depends on who they're dealing with. Usually when they re dealing with us, nothing is irrelevant. Everything is something to be seen as a plus or a minus. What would be plusses for everybody else are minuses for us. If a young man has gone through school, gotten married, has a job someplace and can feed his family - these are plusses. But for a Jazz musician, they're minuses.

V.F.: You're expected to act out the stereotyped role of the Jazz musician - get drunk, smoke pot, shoot up - and find yourself denied a record contract because, while living the role, you're still expected to be physically capable of standing up straight at a piano. And if you're not wasted, your role dictates that you act casually enough to lean against a piano and you get penalized for acting out the very role you're expected to perform.

M.B.: And it is that way, you know.

V.F.: I've been listening to your music for nearly ten years. Along with your increasing use of a variety of sound and rhythmic textures, I've noticed a significant change in your choice of sidemen. In recent years you've been performing with musicians who have been associated with the AACM or, at least, originally lived in Chicago. Did you first meet these musicians in Chicago? Or did you meet them, say, when they came to New York or on the occasions when you went to Europe?

M.B.: As they came and I went. (Laughter.) That's how it happened. We ran into each other all the way. All of us are coming and going, all the time, up and down the same avenues, highways, streets, airways, underground passages, fire escapes, tunnels, back doors. You understand? (Laughter.) All of us were bound to meet each other and get together, you know what I mean, in a breath.

V.F.: Playing with them seemed to....

M.B.: ...Broaden me?

V.F.: Right.

M.B.: It was a broadening experience for me. I gained a lot from it.

V.F.: Was playing with them...?

M.B.: ...A dream, a fulfillment? It wasn't the fulfillment of a dream.

V.F.: No, I wasn't thinking of that.

M.B.: But, you know, some people look at it this way. You sit back and say, "My goodness, I really have to play with somebody." And you save up your money, you catch a bus or hitch-hike to a certain place and you're broke. Right away you start asking people where so-and-so lives and how you can find him. When you find him, you go up to him and say, "Hey, I came thousands of miles to see you and play with you."

V.F.: Did you ever feel the need to seek out a certain musician that way?

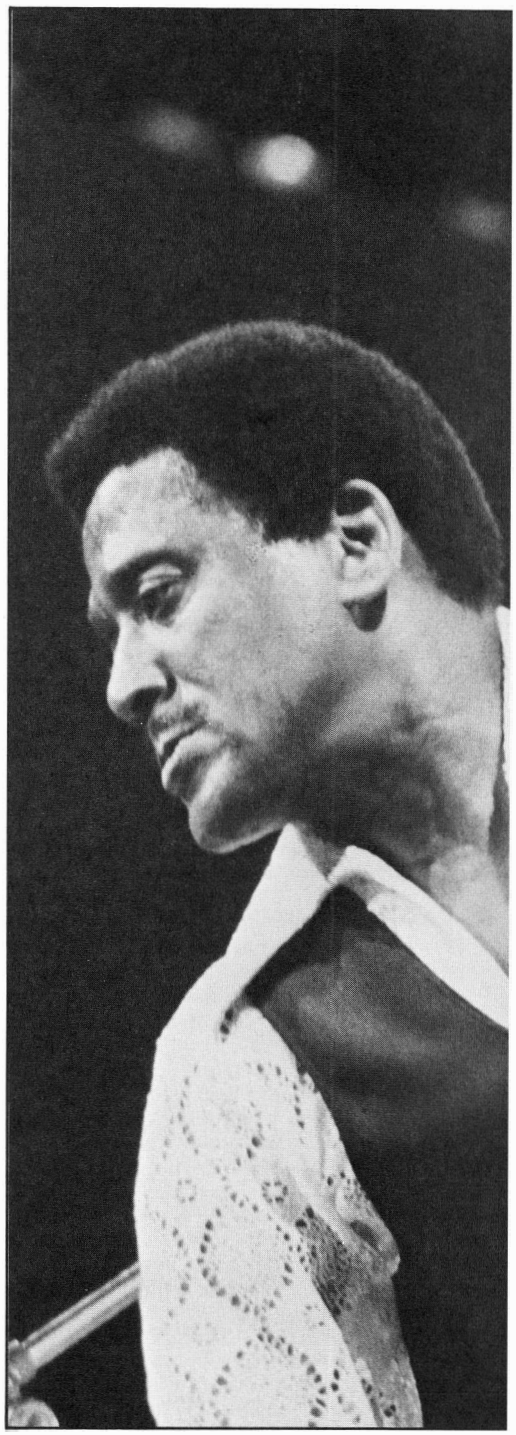
M.B.: No. I always sought them out in hours and hours of recordings and things like that. Besides, people don't want to be bothered. They're too busy. I always respected people. I never asked them for anything.

V.F.: There's really no need to. If you're a strong enough person, you're going to develop your own direction anyway.

M.B.: Yeah, right. That's why I never would bother a lot of musicians and ask them to explain things they really can't explain.

INTERVIEW•VERNON FRAZER

Don't you dare sing no sad songs for Ray Nance



Despite what you may have heard Ray Nance was not a man of sadness. Ray was a trouper in every sense of the word. Back when he was hitting his peak of popularity as featured soloist (on violin and trumpet - and cornet), featured vocalist and hoofer (yep, you read right...he put down some nice tapping) and the chief "court jester" of the Duke Ellington orchestra, one thought, not only of the Duke Ellington band (and it was a great one among many other great ones of that day), but one was often thinking of that diminutive "little giant" of unbounded energy and ability...and smiles which was Willis Raymond Nance.

He was in and out of the spotlight a real showman, and he walked with the air of one who knew what he was. His head raised, chin jutting out as if to say "Okay Life, I don't care how hard you're going to be...I'm facing you...'cause it's show time...and I'm on!"

There were many times in many places...in as many varied contexts when Yours Truly was privileged to "get close" to Ray Nance. Mind if I reminisce?

Thanksgiving 1968 was a festive occasion in the New Jersey home of drum-teacher (and GREAT!!) Sam Ulano. The dining table was laden with as mouth-watering, eye-appealing, widely varied fare as ever "went down stomachs" on that one of three chief "Days Off". Around the table of delectable plenty sat the young son and daughter of our host, his "missis", clarinetist Sol Yaged (with whom Sam and Ray along with the late pianist Dave Martin swung hard at New York's Gaslight club).

To my right sat Ray and Gloria Nance. (and of course at the table's head sat our beaming host Sam Ulano with carving utensils poised "at the ready" for the bird which gobbled his last gobble the day before).

No Thanksgiving had ever been (or ever could be) as unforgettable as that one over at Sam's house in '68. Just as he had shot through the Ellington band's dignified decorum with just the right dash of "light" so did Ray Nance enhance an already unbeatable day at the home of a dear friend. He kept us laughing as he recounted episodes in his life with the Duke. Later, after we had bid our host a burp-filled farewell while Sol Yaged drove us back to the Apple Ray continued to regale us with ever interesting asides (and "insides") about his global treks with the Great Band.

There were other times...many times. For some reason (now forgotten) I was headed home during the late-late hours on a subway. The proceedings of the evening earlier had worn me weary so I sat fighting sleep so as not to miss my stop. However as the train pulled away from the next stop, I found myself jolted awake fully by the sight of a short cat who walked to his seat as if he had pepper in his shoes. Yep, it was Ray Nance with his battered violin case tucked under his arm. As I waved a greeting there was a dominant thought buzzing 'round my head.

"Somebody got a whole lot of choice violin tonight!"

Ray got off before I did. But not before he filled my ears (and heart) with some joy. I rode to my stop very, very wide awake.

As previously stated Raymond Nance was no man of sadness...or concern... (or at least he wanted you to read him thusly) but sadness and concern seems to be the things your truest friends are possessed of. No one could top the dearest friend Ray (and Sam Woodyard, Paul Gonsalves, and a whole bunch of musicians, for that matter)...could have had in being concerned.

But then people like Brooks Kerr just don't come our way every day.

Brooks the son of parents of means, chose early in life to cast his lot with America's Bastards, the jazz musician. Coming first under the wing of the late great stride pianist Willie "The Lion" Smith who saw much more than mere fan-like adoration in the little White boy whose folks had "everything". As we all have seen Brooks Kerr has more "for-realness" and well...for want of a better term we'll have to use the loosely used one (but this time it applies, THAT CAT REALLY HAS SOUL!!)

Well not only did Willie take Brooks under his wing. But Brooks Kerr is probably the only person in history to have had TWO mentors of incomparable stature. His other mentor was Edward Kennedy Ellington. The Duke...that's right!! So in his role as Duke's protege Brooks Kerr became the "little brother" of the entire Ellington aggregation. However, instead of them worrying about him HE concerned himself with the welfare of all Ellington alumni. And let's suffice it to say this was carried far beyond back-patting.

One night a few months before Duke himself passed Brooks spent a most joyful and happy talk-filled night at my home. We parted the next morning with my promise to meet him at an Ellington recording session in the RCA studios in Manhattan.

We arrived a few minutes after the band had taken its places in the studio. While we found a place in an out-of-the-way spot and settled ourself we suddenly found ourself staring into the smiling eyes of the Great Man himself.

"Hi Mac!...good to see you...."

"Hi ya Boss Man (my own nickname for Ellington)...real good to be here!!" I answered trying to control that "little boy" kind of worship for greats of Duke's ilk. Quickening his pace Duke headed for the piano and the business at hand.

The band sounded great as they "ran down" for the first time the number they were to record first. (Don't Get Around Anymore - Teresa Brewer was doing the vocal chores). They were sharp! And I just KNEW Johnny Coles in the first trumpet chair was doing great. But then, Ray Nance walked through the door with that "pepper-in-his-shoes" walk and mounting the bandstand replaced Coles who moved down a chair.

Then we really heard some trumpet. Ray Nance blew his can off that day. Brooks Kerr looked at Ray with a smile that told it all.

There were the times when someone else was onstage. Even then Ray played

his role as a member of the audience as no other could. A regular attender at Jazz Vespers at Saint Peter's Lutheran Church, he was all eyes and ears as Pastor John Garcia Gensel (The Pastor to the Jazz Community) expounded on some Biblical truth making it relevant in terms of "Jazzology". (And at the service's close it was a top lesson in dignity to see him rise from his seat and stride regally down the aisle and out into the street. As he passed me, just that wave of recognition worked a miracle of a sort. I'm inclined to believe it did the same for others who knew him if even so slightly.

One of the most beautiful things about Ray Nance was that as packed full of genius as he was, his 'behind was most certainly NOT on his shoulder'.

During the last ALL NIGHT SOUL jazz session to be held in old Saint Peter's church before it was demolished to make way for the newer enlarged building, a group headed by trumpeter Howard McGhee was holding forth in the basement lounge. McGhee joined by another noted trumpeter Tommy Turrentine was "rolling out the brass carpet" for pioneer bop-singer Joe Carroll to later "lay his licks upon". The trumpets came to an abrupt halt so Carroll's vocal chords could take over. The singer raised his head opening his mouth in preparation for some hard "bopping"...then his eye caught sight of the figure who had just entered the room. Carroll quickly signalled McGhee to repeat his trumpet introduction and at the same time signalled to the new arrival to come up and join him.

The joyful sight and sound of Joe Carroll and Ray Nance bopping in call and response...then in unison...gave that night what it needed.

It also provided yours truly with a hell of a memory.... This is the picture I have in my heart of one of musicdom's biggest little happy giants.

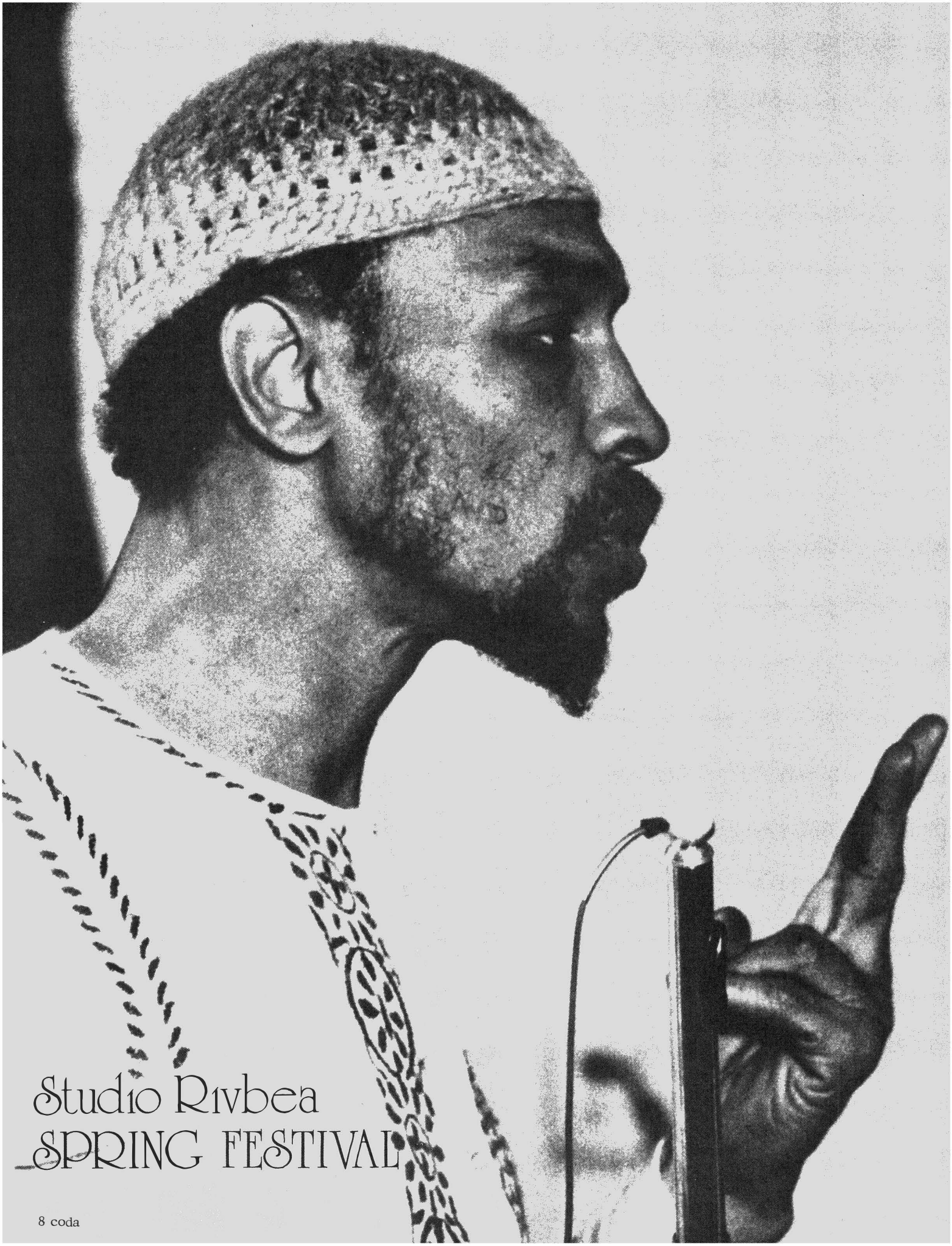
It's like Duke Ellington Society's Helen Enico said during the wake for Ray.

"Well...Duke's got 'em all up there with him.... It's alright now...."

"You can bet it is Helen...and Ray's keeping 'em in stitches too...."

- Lewis K. McMillan, Jr.

photograph of Ray Nance by Bill Smith


Studio Rivbea
SPRING FESTIVAL

The scene at Sam and Bea Rivers' Studio Rivbea, at 24 Bond Street in New York City's East Village, has been the ultimate listening environment for the best in current jazz for some years now. Sam and Bea have converted their pad into a sounding board for creative music, where for a small entrance fee one can relax on folding chairs, or sit up close on the floor, or mill around talking with musicians and hard-core afficianados in a generously relaxed atmosphere. Over the years the activity has come up from the basement to street level where the floor has taken on the aura of a recording studio. In fact, the seven nights of music making up the 1976 Spring Music Festival was meticulously recorded by Douglas Records, the loft platform at the front of the studio being occupied by a master control board, tape recorders and recording technicians, while the recessed box-like bandstand became a maze of wires, microphones and (between sets) technicians adjusting microphones and levels for the next group. Some conversation with Michael Cuscuna, who was in charge of the recording operation, revealed the music was not intended to be released intact, but rather, a series of albums were planned which would contain the best of the performances by most of the groups appearing.

The variety and quality of the groups on the program was very impressive, virtually a review of many of the most intriguing contemporary jazz figures, as each new group took the stand for its set. The first night of the Festival, Friday May 14, the opening set featured a sextet led by the excellent drummer and percussionist Philip Wilson, which included altoist Julius Hemphill, tenor man David Murray, Michael Jackson doing intriguing things with various guitars and bamboo flutes, Fred Hopkins on bass, and Olu Dara on trumpet. Their music was loose, free and abstract, in a fine opening which helped set the tone for the entire Festival; but while the group worked well together, and many nice things happened in the improvisations (solo and collective), it was after all the opening set and the music never quite seemed to achieve the level of creative inspiration of which it seemed capable. Murray, Dara and Hopkins were joined by drummer Stanley Crouch for the second set, led by David Murray and including some good unaccompanied tenor explorations. Grachan Moncur's group, which included altoist Phil Lasley, Ronnie Boykins on bass, and a vocal group of three young women, one of whom, Tamam Moncur, played piano much of the set but was later replaced by John Patton on organ for one number, performed New Africa and Exploration from Moncur's 1969 Actuel album "New Africa" before Patton joined the group. This group did not seem well rehearsed but the music was nevertheless good, with Moncur's trombone work especially fine. The vocal group was used unobtrusively, mainly for texture, although the balance may differ on the recording, of course. The final group of the evening was by far the heaviest, a quintet led by the phenomenal drum master Sunny Murray, including Byard Lancaster on alto sax, David Murray once again for his most impressive work of the evening, and Kahn Jamal on vibes and bassist Fred Hopkins. Sunny drove the group into some strong, potent blowing, with Lancaster also impressive and exciting.

Saturday May 15 was, by a good margin, the most musically rewarding of the three evenings of the first weekend of the Festival. The Randy Weston Trio featuring his son Azzedin on congas and bassist Alex Blake was first up. While Randy Weston did not really stretch out, interaction between congas and bass was consistently stimulating, making for a pleasant set of interesting music. The Westons were followed by Oliver Lake, playing alto and curved soprano saxes and flute, with Mike Jackson, Fred Hopkins and Phil Wilson, for one of the great sets of the Festival, the music and musicians being first rate, together and inspired. Lake's quartet provided some of the most passionate and beautiful original creative music to be heard at Rivbea that weekend, and that is saying a lot. Sam Rivers was up next with a trio including Jerome Hunter on bass and Jerry Griffin on drums and vibes, but it was Sam's show all the way. The group played four short pieces featuring Sam on tenor, flute, piano and soprano respectively, instead of his usual extended set in which he would move from one to the next as the improvisation unfolded. While Sam's tenor spot was, as usual, brilliant and stimulating, Sam did not really stretch out and that piece was the shortest of his set. On flute and soprano Sam was fortunately more expansive, and his piano spot was also of special interest due to the way he seemed to bow to Cecil Taylor and Dollar Brand in the course of his excursion. The last set of the evening spotlighted Anthony Braxton with a septet including George Lewis, an exceptional young trombonist whose conception and technique seemed remarkable, even in such a remarkable context; Anthony Davis on piano; Barry Altschul on drums; and once again Mike Jackson, Fred Hopkins and Phil Wilson. Braxton played bass sax, E-flat soprano, alto, clarinet and contrabass clarinet, and typically for Braxton's music the performance was a mind-bending and incredibly beautiful composition. All members of the ensemble contributed beautifully, with the consistently impressive Mike Jackson producing some of his best work of the weekend. It was my first in-person exposure to Braxton's music, and meeting this intense and remarkable musician briefly was also a rewarding experience. One could only wish the group had played more that night.

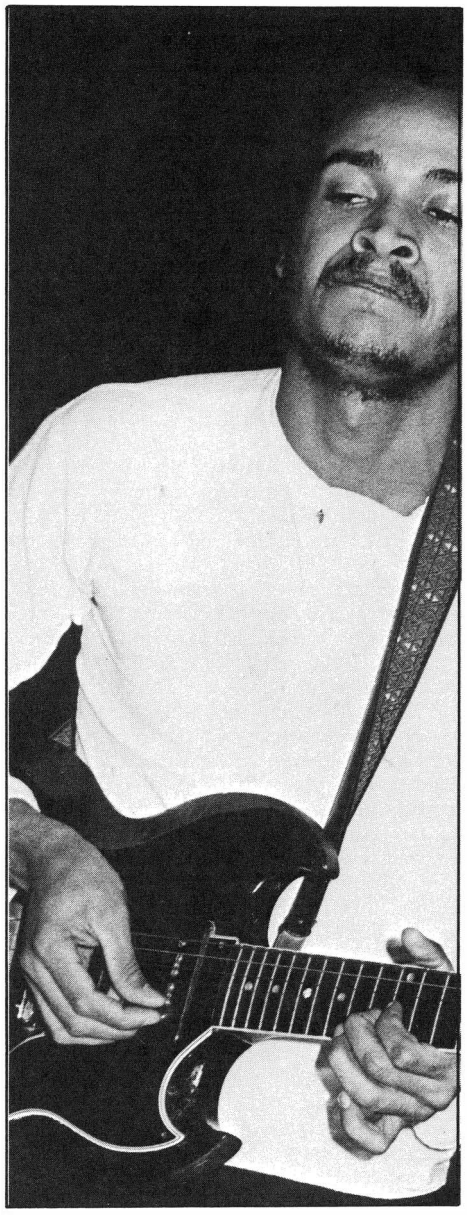
Sunday May 16 featured for openers Kalaparusha (Maurice McIntyre) backed by Chris White on bass and Jumma Santos on drums. Unfortunately the trio did not seem to have rehearsed and for most of the set failed to blend effectively, although both McIntyre and White were individually impressive. Kalaparusha played mostly tenor, but also used clarinet (an Albert system model by the look of it), the rarely heard C-melody sax and what looked like a home made axe made from a large end-blown bamboo flute with a clarinet mouthpiece taped on, which produced an odd bassoonlike sound. By the end of the set the group had begun to blend better and Kalaparusha was blowing some very rewarding tenor lines. More should be heard from this remarkable musician. The second set featured Julius Hemphill's quintet with Don Moye, face painted Art Ensemble fashion, on drums, Phil Wilson doing percussion, Abdul Wadud on cello, and guitarist Bern Nix, who unfortunately did not seem to fit in with the rest of the group most of the time and seemed overamplified. Hemphill really cut loose nevertheless, playing a stimulating and rewarding set. Next up was Marion Brown. Chris Henderson on drums and Jumma Santos on congas provided a solid, if relatively stiff, rhythm; but the bassist and two electric guitarists left much to be desired from a jazz viewpoint. In fact, guitarist Butch Campbell singlehandedly turned the act into a rock show, effectively drowning out Brown's alto as well. Brown could only be heard clearly during a lengthy unaccompanied solo, during which he seemed to be producing the same squeaks and bleats occasionally audible through the loud guitars, and for parts of a bossa nova piece which sounded off key and concluded the set. Part of the crowd loved the rock show, but those interested in creative music who had been tuned in to the rest of the weekend's offerings were very turned off by the departure from the proceedings as a whole. In fact, learning Campbell was also to appear with the fourth group of the evening inspired us to leave, missing Hamiett Blueitt's set. This turned out to be inappropriate, for by all reports Campbell played quite differently with Blueitt's group. A fifth group had been scheduled - Arthur Blythe - but word was out early in the evening that he was not to appear after all.

Thursday May 20 was the fourth night of the Festival, with The Last Poets, Charles Tyler's group, and Monty Waters' band scheduled to appear, but I was unable to attend. Up to this point all first sets had gone on after 10 PM, but we arrived Friday the 21st at about 9:30 to discover the second set had just begun. Roswell Rudd's group with Enrico Rava and Dave Burrell among others had actually started at 8:15, and by all accounts played a superb set. The second set featured Jimmy Lyons' quartet with Karen Borca on bassoon, Hayes Burnett on bass and Henry Letcher on drums. Their music was intriguingly abstract and cerebral, but again the group never quite seemed to achieve the level of inspiration of which it seemed capable. Ken McIntyre was up next with a quartet including Rich Harper on piano, Andre Strobert on drums, and Andy Vega on congas. The lack of a bass was notable, and McIntyre chose to play six short pieces featuring himself on alto sax, bass clarinet, oboe, bassoon, flute, and finally returning to alto, respectively. Unfortunately he only seemed to let go on the final piece (announced as New

Times), seemed merely a pale reflection of Dolphy on bass clarinet, and sounded not fully confident on the double reeds. McIntyre has certainly played much better on LP than at Rivbea that night. The fourth set of the evening featured George Braith, the man who plays soprano sax and stritch simultaneously, obviously inspired by Roland Kirk, with a group including Richard Davis on bass, plus piano, drums and congas. However, the uninspired nature of the evening's proceedings and the delay in remiking the group for recording was a bit hard to take and again I regrettably missed a set despite being interested in how Braith's group would play.

Saturday May 22 was an uneven night which nevertheless contained some of the best and most exciting music of the Festival. The first group up, "Abdullah", consisted of Achmed Abdullah on trumpet, Charles Brackeen on tenor and soprano saxes, Mashujaa on electric guitar, Rick Evans on electric bass, Leroy Seals on upright bass, and Rashid Sinan on drums. I was left feeling strongly that the presence of electric guitar and electric bass detracted from the impact of the group's music, and again full inspiration seemed lacking, but Abdullah himself saved the set with some brilliant trumpet work indicating he is more a descendant of Clifford Brown via Booker Little than most contemporary trumpet men. The second set was another highlight of the Festival, the group called "Air" which consisted of Henry Threadgill, on alto sax, flute, piccolo and bamboo flute; bassist Fred Hopkins and drummer Steve McCall. Starting out with soft, subtle interactions, the trio built gradually as McCall produced some absolutely stunning brush work, into a dynamic, tight, brilliantly inspired and powerfully executed stretching out which was one of the more rewarding musical experiences I have witnessed. If that performance is not released intact, it would be a great loss. The third and final set of the evening featured Roscoe Mitchell on alto sax, backed by Don Moye (again in war paint) and Jerome Cooper on drums. For the first ten minutes or so, Mitchell played the same repetitive three-note riff at peak intensity over and over, while the two drummers thrashed and cooked at similar peak intensity, a spectacle which seemed embarrassingly boring. Then abruptly the trio dropped to a soft, spaced out level of textural interplay, Moye using mallets, Cooper on musical saw, Mitchell restrained. Catching fire once again, the group built into a powerful excursion with Mitchell really cutting loose, providing a greatly rewarding conclusion to a set which began rather oddly. Sam's Winds of Manhattan group, originally also scheduled to appear that night, unfortunately did not go on, and the evening ended relatively early.

Sunday May 23 was the final and perhaps most consistent night of the Festival, the four groups appearing all playing very well out of the same general conception. First up was "Flight to Sanity" consisting of Olu Dara on trumpet; Byard Lancaster this time on tenor and soprano saxes; Art



Bennett on soprano sax and flute; a poorly miked Solenius Smith on piano, who was inaudible most of the time; bassist Benny Wilson; and Harold Smith on drums and flute and Don Moye (without war paint) on congas. Their music was loose, free and abstract, with many interesting textures and solo efforts, Moye being especially interesting and exciting. Next up was the "Human Arts Ensemble" directed by Charles Bobo Shaw on drums, with cornetist Earl Cross, Julius Hemphill on alto sax and soprano sax, David Murray on tenor, Hamiett Blueitt on baritone, Francois Nyomo on guitar, Arthur Juney Booth on bass, and Don Moye and Phil Wilson on congas and percussion. Their music impressed me rather more than the Human Arts Ensemble's LP "Under the Sun" which of course featured radically different personnel but a similar conception, including Shaw's tendency to lapse into a backbeat on occasion. The third set brought Andrew Cyrille's quartet on the stand, with Ted Daniel playing flugelhorn and trumpet, tenor man David S. Ware, and bassist Lyle Atkinson. Cyrille's drum kit included a gong and a cowbell tree, and he also performed intriguingly on a large African thumb piano. Although Atkinson was merely routine, the rest of the group performed with rather more fire and imagination than most groups at the Festival, with Ware's strong tenor solos among the highlights of the evening. The final group of the Festival was Leo Smith's "New Dalta Ahkri" including Smith on flugelhorn, trumpet, cornet, a large set of gongs, bamboo flute and a homemade horn with six or eight bells; Oliver Lake on alto and curved soprano saxes and flute; Anthony Davis on piano, which fortunately was well miked for this set; bassist Wes Brown; Stanley Crouch on drums; and Paul Maddox on drums and miscellaneous percussion. Although their music seemed interesting, reflective and very cerebral to me, some felt Smith's careful and deliberate approach to be pretentiously controlled. Certainly the group never seemed to ignite to the level of passion which some of the other performances offered, despite the two drummers, and even Lake seemed restrained. Like Smith's album "Reflectativity", which also included Davis and Brown, there were moments of lyrical beauty and exquisite texture, which the larger group here expanded. This set, like many at the Festival, left me feeling that additional hearings were needed for a full grasp of the group's music. In fact, an additional hearing of the group's first pieces was provided, as they repeated their opening selection at the close of their set, performing it somewhat differently the second time.

Studio Rivbea's Spring Music Festival 1976 could not be considered an unqualified success, since the atmosphere lent by the circumstances of the open recording session and long delays between sets seemed excessive and may have been responsible for the less than fully inspired performances given by several of the groups. However, it must stand as a historic event in presenting so many vital, current musicians together, playing for the most part what can only be identified as creative music of the mid-1970's, being recorded for LP issue. More and more LP's of contemporary creative music have been appearing recently, and if this series of recordings is released as planned, much will have been accomplished in defining the state of the art in the mid-1970's and bringing greater exposure to both the younger musicians and the established but still underexposed pioneers of the contemporary scene. Now, it remains to wait for the records planned for release from these sessions to learn whether that promise is fulfilled.

- Vladimir Simosko

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photograph of Sam Rivers on page 8 by Raymond Ross, courtesy of Blue Note Records.

Photograph of Michael Jackson on page 10 by Henry J. Kahanek

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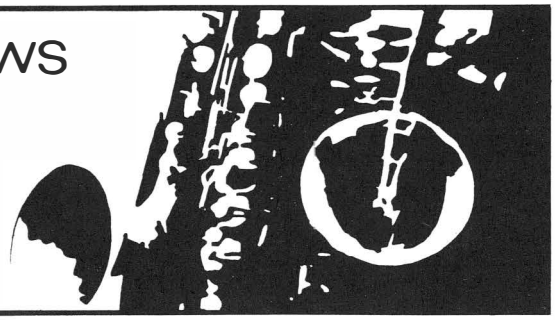
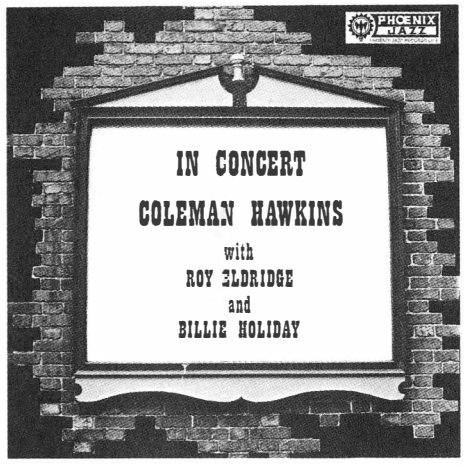
record reviews



COLEMAN HAWKINS

In Concert w. Roy Eldridge & Billie Holiday
Phoenix LP8



This is a ridiculously good record. I can't imagine why this material has been lying around unissued for thirty years. True, the sound on side two is not the best and there are some spots where tape runs out or was turned off in the middle of things. But the music is often spectacular and never less than excellent. One can only wonder how many LPs worth of tapes of this calibre - the Coleman Hawkins - Lester Young Spotlite release is another - are going around among collectors.

A little of the concert from which Side two was taken turned up on Jazz Archives "Jammin' with Lester" release but there is no duplication of tunes. This was a 1946 concert in which Hawkins and Young were joined by Illinois Jacquet, Buck Clayton, Ken Kersey, Al McKibbon, J.C. Heard, and for three songs, Billie Holiday. Really such personnel speaks for itself. Pres plays well, if not spectacularly, and Jacquet and, as always, Clayton, play at near peak form. Lady Day's vocals suffer more from bad sound than do the horn solos but she still comes through strong. No small-group swing lover would want to be without this side.

The same is even truer of side one on which Roy Eldridge's playing on three of four tracks nearly steals the show. The opening Bean And The Boys pairs Hawk and Eldridge in front of an unknown rhythm section in 1947. Roy plays about the hottest solo I know of from that period for him, which of course means it's a wonder his mouthpiece didn't melt. The last two tracks on the side are Mop Mop and Sweet Georgia Brown, with an amazing front line of Eldridge, Hawkins, Jack Teagarden and Barney Bigard, recorded in 1944. These two tracks are the high point of the record, featuring electrifying performances by all concerned. Bigard's spots are particularly well-ordered, while Teagarden slides along in typical fashion. An unidentified fiddler gets in a very jivy, very good solo on Mop Mop after crowding Eldridge's solo - a minor distraction. The sound of Roy riding over the riffing horns on the final choruses of Sweet Georgia Brown was for your reviewer a tremendously emotional experience. Nobody ever played the horn with more power than Little Jazz at his best, and while I have heard even more amazing Eldridge solos than this, the band here is certainly better than the group Roy led in the late thirties.

As for Hawkins, he is tremendous throughout, particularly on side one. I personally feel that Hawk was at his greatest in the mid-forties, when the innovations of the modernists were stimulating his imagination. His tremendous work on records like "Hollywood Stampede" and those he made for Signature and Commodore at that time are surely among his very best ever. But this opinion is moot. Undeniably the Hawkins on this record is beautiful - no Hawk-lover can do without it. The one big-band track, which finds Bean in front of the syrupy Paul Baron Orchestra in 1944, is a typically romantic, lustrous reading of Yesterdays. The feeling of Hawkins more than compensates for the shortcomings of the band, something he was always very good at. On this release we are treated to Hawkins playing with his peers, and really that should be enough for most of us.

- Richard Baker

Sirius
Pablo 2310.707

Most of the elder statesmen of jazz - those who live out the majority of their natural life in the music - sooner or later display a plateau in their careers. That is, beyond a certain point they stop creating independently and grow content to reflect their own past glories thereafter. Few have overcome this musical menopause - Ben Webster, Dizzy Gillespie. Even fewer have avoided it altogether. Coleman Hawkins' creativity never flagged. But instead, the physical frailties of an aging body progressively sapped him during the 1960s. In "Sirius", his final visit to the recording studios (or so the liner notes and Jepsen would have us believe; the date was December 20, 1966, better than a year before his death), Hawkins was in the frustrating position of a man who knows his own mind but is physically incapable of producing all he wants.

The changes are the more tragic for the subtlety of their imperfection. Where age most affected Hawkins' performance was in timing. Particularly in the unaccompanied cadenza of Time On My Hands, rather than positively placing his notes, he seems to wander listlessly about the beat trying to remember where to land. Elsewhere, his instantaneous reactions to rhythm feeds is retarded just enough that swing abruptly dissolves. For similar reasons his lines fail to attain the harmonic or rhythmic sophistication of the work of his prime. You can hear ideas evolve, and - anticipating from his past work - you can sense them build to their logical conclusions; but too often they abort for sheer inability to complete them. The comparison is unnecessary, perhaps even absurd; one does not normally expect an old man to accomplish again the same things he did in his youth. But for an artist as influential as Hawkins, the comparison is also inescapable. His giant tone remained by-and-large intact (although at times the added echo makes it difficult to tell), but his breath control seems inadequate to his needs. All momentary lapses, all to be expected with any elderly human being. The heart of gold, after all, still has feet of clay.

The one specific problem to note with "Sirius" is that it's overambitious. If the inevitable comparisons are absurd, they're doubly difficult to avoid in a session that strives to recapture the epoch sound of Hawkins' prime of the mid-1940s. The nine titles are all era-associated ballads. One, a revisit to an all-time-great performance by the young Hawkins, The Man I Love, demands the comparison; and that's a mistake. The Hawkins of 1966 could not take on the Hawkins of 1943 and win. The aura of the time is furthered by the rhythm section - Barry Harris, Bob Cranshaw, Eddie Locke with Harris deeply into his Bud Powell bag. They approximate the sound of 1940s bebop orthodoxy as closely as anything not actually recorded then could. Harris, the perennial journeyman, is in excellent form, both technically and creatively, and in this setting functions at least as well as the tenorist.

Coleman Hawkins, the king of swing tenors in the years when every hole-in-the-wall club had a jump band up on the stage, may not have been able to recapture past glories. Small wonder. Nobody else can. This is not the best Hawkins on record; but it is the best recording from his last five years on earth, and its greatness lies in the fact that it is still Hawkins you hear. He had honed his perfection to such a pinnacle that, even when he himself could not reach it, its remnants and his indomitable will to succeed distinguish him from all the rest. (Benny Green's liner notes explain that

far better than I can here.) For all its flaws, this is a marvellous session by which to remember Hawk. It was no cheap victory - but it was glorious.

- Barry Tepperman

BOBBY HENDERSON

Last Recordings
Chiaroscuro CR-122

The liner notes to this Lp of ten piano solos tell us that all tracks were rehearsal takes for Henderson's previous Chiaroscuro album, CR-102, which was cut the next day (and which I have not heard). We also learn that CR-122 was designed to let Henderson relax and get used to the studio.

Henderson's performance here is consistent with these data. The selections are generally rather slow and easy-going and Henderson rarely seems to accept the challenge to improvise that is implicit in assaying a jazz solo. Moreover, his left hand, though clean and steady, is too smooth, depriving the performances of the more biting bottom they need to sustain interest as jazz.

On the plus side, his chords are rich and constantly moving through substitute harmonies, his articulation sharp, and his overall sound bright and clear. Moreover, a few tracks work fairly well, notably Squeeze Me and the medley of Summertime and It Ain't Necessarily So, but even these high spots aren't all that elevated.

The notes also dare us to dislike Henderson, stating, with no respect to CR-102, that some critics "listened superficially, and to them he sounded like a piano player in a second-rate bar". Reviewing CR-122 for a jazz publication, I conclude that it contains far too much cocktail-type playing, thereby excessively watering down the jazz content. Thus, a boring Lp by itself, but if you have CR-102 and like it, CR-122 may serve to fill out the picture. - Tex Wyndham

JON HENDRICKS

Tell Me The Truth
Arista AL4043

It seems somewhat anomalous that Arista, the young label headed up by Clive Davis which is so far establishing its name in the most adventurous areas of creative music, should be the agency responsible for bringing back Jon Hendricks to the recording studio after a gap of a decade. But the corporate logic is the same Davis applied as head of Columbia records, and is unimpeachable. Hendricks, and a stable of other presumably saleable "crossover" (jazz-rock-popular) artists, are used to keep the more experimental creators active in the studios without compromise by subsidizing their aesthetically successful but (most probably) money-losing productions.

Truth to tell, Jon Hendricks is a jovial, pleasant singer who may be popular but will never be great. He does have some gifts - urbane wit, accurate pitch, timing that rivals the best of Lester Young's disciples. But for all that, what comes across is a glib facility that takes the place of substance. He's in as good a form as ever here. Set with a large band including people like the Pointer Sisters, Box Scaggs, Hadley Caliman, and electric guitars and rhythm, sales are assured given the proper distribution (which the Arista-Capitol Records agreement seems to offer). Hendricks' lyrics for Naima are sensitive; his bending of Old Folks subtly moving; and his reincarnation of Gil Evans' Blues For Pablo is a talented arrangement. But the chromium glitter seems the end of the entire venture. Flat Foot Floogie is classic vocalise, while the scat to On The Trail is out of character. The only reasonably impressive performer otherwise is reedman Caliman.

I have the feeling that Hendricks is the kind of consistent entertainer who is dynamite in a club, but whose work does not preserve well in vinyl. His creations still outstrip those of his more recent disciples - Leon Thomas, Bette Midler, the Pointers. His relationship to the core of jazz is the same as another row of chromed lights on your GM car - it may help sell a few more, especially if you don't know a hell of a lot. Since I hope to see more of Braxton and Taylor and their ilk recorded and issued for Arista, that's all that this matters to me.

- Barry Tepperman

WOODY HERMAN

Woody Herman 1963
Trip Jazz TLP-5547

This is a reissue of the Philips album of the same title that introduced this edition of the innumerable Herds, which became known as "the Swinging Herd." Steve Voce, in his three part article on Herman's Herds on record published in Jazz Journal in 1966, made quite a fuss over this debut, Herman's first big band album since 1960. But to one who always felt Woody Herman and all his frantically energetic Herds were somewhat overrated, this album does not do much towards altering that impression.

Recorded on October 15 and 16, 1962, the record features solos by trumpeters Bill Chase and Paul Fontaine, trombonist Phil Wilson, pianist Nat Pierce, bassist Chuck Andrus, and all the members of the reed section: Sal Nistico, Larry Cavelli and Gordon Brisker on tenors and Gene Allen on baritone sax, plus Woody's clarinet. Of these men, Sal Nistico has attracted the most attention, for his work with the Mangione Brothers' Sextet prior to his joining the Herd, and for his solos with Herman during much of the 1960s. Here he is given a feature number in Sister Sadie, an up tempo cooker where his playing is somehow reminiscent of Billy Mitchell or Paul Gonsalves on similar excursions. Nistico is also featured on Mo-lasses, a funky

gospel blues, along with a Maynard Fergusonish Bill Chase and Herman's clarinet in rather good form. Blues For J.P. has a simple line, a creditable solo from Paul Fontaine followed by a riff-laden solo from Gene Allen, some nice section work, and a taste of Nat Pierce's piano before it is taken out. Don't Get Around Much Any More has Allen and Fontaine doing the head with Woody taking the bridge, a nice muted solo from Fontaine followed by some tasteful trombone work and more good section passages before the theme routines return. Tunin' In is a good Nat Pierce chart, representing some of the best writing on the date; it is a feature for the band with some solos from the leader's clarinet. Sig Ep has a Doxyish theme and features a rather weak tenor solo from Cavelli and more muted Fontaine. It's A Lonesome Old Town is the ballad of the date, featuring Woody's clarinet and Wilson's trombone. Camel Walk is the longest cut, opening with some more imaginative writing than is evident elsewhere on this album, evolving into some straight blues with solos from Brisker, Herman, Wilson, and Andrus, with a brief Herman vocal inserted into the proceedings, and returns to the theme before closing with a rousing coda.

In short, nothing special happens. The band plays with the expected precision and enthusiasm, the soloists are mostly at least adequate, but the charts and routines are pretty unimaginative, especially for 1962, let alone 1963. Herman fans may find it essential, and it is a nice documentation of Woody Herman's Herd in the early 1960's; but listeners interested in more than that will have to look elsewhere. - Vladimir Simosko

ANDREW HILL

Spiral
Arista Freedom AL1007

Pianist Andrew Hill is nowhere near as far out as some of his enthusiasts would have us believe. There is nothing very weird about this interesting album on which Hill's playing (and occasionally his writing) seems to owe more to Thelonious Monk than Cecil Taylor. Ten years ago the idea of Hill duetting with saxophonist Lee Konitz would have shocked some listeners. Just how well the two can and do combine is apparent on the standard Invitation where complete empathy is the name of the game.

This is not a solitary appearance by Konitz. He also plays in a quintet on three Hill originals, Spiral, The Message and Laverne where the company also includes Ted Curson (trumpet/flugelhorn/piccolo trumpet), Cecil McBee (bass) and Art Lewis (drums). While Spiral is a trifle rambly, the other two pieces are quite conventional and produce worthwhile responses from all concerned.

On Today and Quiet Dawn Hill pilots a different combination - Robin Kenyatta (alto), Stafford James (bass) and Barry Altschul (drums). These items are more experimental than the material with Konitz and there is frequently an absence of pulse in the proceedings. That isn't the case when Kenyatta drops out and the trio plays Tomorrow, a hard-swinging track that exhibits yet another facet of Hill's music. In truth I found the first side, featuring Tomorrow, Laverne, The Message and Invitation, of greater substance and enjoyment than the more doomy selections on the reverse.

Nevertheless there is surely something here for most listeners and apart from the work of Hill and Konitz, I would also commend to you Ted Curson's fluent solos on the quintet numbers. The sleeve note informs us that some 10 or 11 albums Hill made for Blue Note have never been released. One wonders what treasures lie there and whether they will ever be made available. - Mark Gardner

Spiral
Arista - Freedom AL1007

Andrew Hill, one of the most germane pianists in the New Jazz of the 1960s, was one of the main victims of the Blue Note/Transamerica "a taste for everyone" (except the musicians) policy. Since the formation of his own production firm, Slavery, in 1970, Hill has been out of the recording studios. In many respects the attraction of Andrew Hill's music was unique enough to be enigmatic - if you had to relate to it in terms of other musicians. His compositions, complex in structure and harmony, were invariably tuneful (in the same sense that Charlie Parker wrote "tunes"). His skill at shifting harmonic densities while retaining multilayered motion and even generating power was matched only by the cardinal figure of that generation of pianists - Cecil Taylor. But while both approached the instrument as a percussive source, Taylor derived his sound and energy from the keyboard and his own powers alone, while Hill depended for the evolution of his sound on the closeness of his interaction with bass and percussion. Certainly Taylor's errant energy was supplanted in Hill's vernacular by an equally powerful lyrical impulse. The other unusual feature of Hill's music is its pliability - its compatibility with both the innovative and the merely inventive (Eric Dolphy and Kenny Dorham on "Point of Departure").

"Spiral" is not only a distinguished return to record for Hill, it is categorically his best recording since the 1964 "Point of Departure" date with Dorham, Dolphy, and Joe Henderson. But as befits a decade gap, the general tone of the music has changed. While the compositions of "Departure" carry a sombre mystery - almost mourning, these have a birdfloating buoyancy. "Spiral" is also far less of a formally-organized date. While the compositions for the "Point of Departure" involved a good deal of prestructuring (Dedication), these are far simpler, cores for blowing cohesively in Hill's particular harmonic idiom.

For this session, Hill assembled two ensembles - one a quintet with Lee Konitz, Ted Curson, Cecil McBee and Art Lewis; the second a quartet with Robin Kenyatta, Stafford James, and Barry Altschul. The quintet follows a rhythmic setting which is overtly boppish. Konitz is far more expressive over Hill's incisive substructure than he is in his own most recent date (the unfortunate "Satori", which I have discussed elsewhere). Particularly vital are the exploratory Invitation, done as duet for alto and piano; and Laverne, where Hill's relaxation relieves Konitz' tenor of much inbuilt tension to achieve the dynamic sophistication of a Warne Marsh. Curson, also returning to Stateside recording studios for the first time in years, plays far more conservatively than I recall. His poignantly muted sound recalls a once-upon-a-time trumpeter named Miles, but his lines move busily through the changes with little adventure for the beyond. The sides with Kenyatta are more exhibitionistic, perhaps because of the stress the altoist has always placed on the extremes of his instrument. However, only occasionally - at moments in his Quiet Dawn solo - does he show himself able to resolve that command into artistically useful expression. McBee, certainly, and both drummers enter into a synergistic tonal energy feedback with Hill that contributes substantially to the success of the performances.

"Spiral" is an auspicious return to vinyl for Andrew Hill. Welcome him.
- Barry Tepperman

One for One
Blue Note BN-LA 459-H2

SAM RIVERS

Involution
Blue Note BN-LA 453-H2

Blue Note's "Reissue Series" of double albums is more precisely an eruption of unissued sessions of volcanic magnitude. Some Sam Rivers dates from the mid-sixties are among them. For all we know there may be others in their vaults because the music on sides one and two of this collection feature a pianoless sextet that was rumored to have literally cut "frightening" performances those in the know felt the company dare not put out. The remaining sides are six selections led by Andrew Hill with Rivers in a quar-

tet setting, creating provocative music. They were released under Rivers' name to balance the packaging.

The sextet was recorded in 1967 and includes Spaulding, Byrd, Priester, McBee and drummer Steve Ellington. Paean and Effusive Melange serve as skeletal preludes to what finally emerged on "Crystals". The texture of this music was not like the more free-wheeling rhythms and seeming cacophony of the ESP groups; either through Alfred Lion's tastes or Rivers' orientation or both, this album - and other Blue Note flirtations with the avant garde - illustrates a control over the ensemble and the direction and duration of performances. Had these tracks been issued then they may have surprised the company by being a critical success proving that the blowing session format would give way to serious orchestrations that, "avant garde" or "post bop", might have encouraged companies to record more of Rivers, Bill Dixon, the AACM and composer-arrangers whose reputations are just surfacing in the seventies, people like Earl Cross, Monty Waters and Paul Jeffrey, whose writing somehow was forgotten by that turbulent decade.

Rivers' writing is quite economic in statement and direction and tight in its voicings. His approach is to bring together a group of shapes that as if by magic become themes out of which his musicians can improvise freely, here and there supported by the lines scored for the ensemble or by collective playing. His are more than theme and variation; that he was attempting to dispense with that format may have caused the label some concern, not being prepared for complete performance as whole composition where the "theme" of a work is the work itself. Each instrument gives a personal direction and texture to the proceedings. Effusive Melange is jolted out of the ensemble and finished with fierce collectivism; Rivers' guttural tenor is accompanied by Priester's evocative trombone calls before the rest join one at a time. On soprano his work on Paean was unheard of except in his playing with Cecil Taylor; no other soprano player was using such taut clusters and sinuous expression then. The other selections have their own sources of power though not as immediately overwhelming. The tense Involutions is a double-flute line. Afflatus harmonically prefigures the opening of the "Streams" suite and is, by the way, a trio with arco McBee (who, played with Rivers' trio in Boston in 1971). The voicings for Helix show the most obvious depth as the piece is more conventional in lead theme but brilliant in the individual lines the horns deliver behind the soloists.

The Hill-led session with Walter Booker and J.C. Moses featured his own writing whose titles may have been deemed too programmatic to merit release. Violence is the longest; Pain the briefest. Rivers is in driving mood for the first and nowhere was Hill outdone. His conception of states of consciousness and physical being made for unsentimentally created images of entities considered "abstractions" by some and thus too superfluous to serve as artistic themes. Illusion has the two hanging above the rhythm as if taking another look and Desire has the subtlety of pursuit and conquest.

Of course, Andrew Hill is never outclassed. But why so few listeners know of his work at all is music in America. "One for One" is another Cuscuna production in the Reissue series and follows Hill's new albums for Arista and Steeple-Chase. Between 1970 and 1974 Hill refrained from recording and withdrew from his position at Colgate University to concentrate on writing. For side one, one of his last Blue Note tapings (1970), he used Pat Patrick, Bennie Maupin, Charles Tolliver, Ron Carter and Ben Riley. The performances are stellar even with two having a slight pop bounce, bearing out suspicions of Hill's voluntarily leaving the kind of recording context others wanted of him (and after all, Diddy Wah implies pop-funk). But his writing and his company rise above the superficial and Tolliver's crisp trumpet attacks are superb here.

An interest Hill has had that never saw the light of day until now is jazz quartet with string quartet. It was 1969 when the music on side two was taped (he reputedly has much more). The string group's arrangements complement the theme and are situated along the chorus structure to serve as pedal points from which Hill and Maupin find inspiration. Illusion is striking in its treatment here

and is still an indefinite, almost a figment of a composition, like Fragments, and its gossamer quality is expanded in this context. The remaining tracks are from 1965 with Henderson, Chambers and Richard Davis (the best bassist to record with Hill and all three a favorite team with him) joined by a Freddie Hubbard who was at the peak of his facility and imagination at this time. All selections have the characteristics of Hill's early writing as heard in the tense drive of Euterpe and Eris and the moody reflection of Pax.

Let's hope we don't have to wait another decade to hear the current music of these major forces in music.

- Ron Welburn

FREDDIE HUBBARD

Liquid Love
Columbia PC 33556

Hubbard's second album on Columbia has him in the jazz-rock or "fusion" bag, and adds electric piano, guitars and a variety of percussion instruments to the group for most of the six tunes. It's not the kind of stuff Jazz legends are made of, but if you like the more recent Hancock, Lonnie Liston Smith and others of that ilk, you'll probably like these Hubbard sessions. Actually the album only becomes flat-out commercial (or should we say AM radio-oriented) with three tunes, Midnight At The Oasis, Put It In The Pocket and the title tune. Pocket is the most light-weight. The basic band is joined by Johnny Watson on guitar, Spider Webb on drums, Chuck Rainey on electric bass and strings for four minutes and 20 seconds. This gives little more than time for a singing (yes singing) of the tune in chorus over a percussive background. Hubbard and tenorist Carl Randall Jr. blast off a couple of choruses and then it's back to the theme. Good dancing music. Midnight, a very straight reading of the Maria Muldaur hit is more of the same. Only Hubbard solos in between the short rendition of the theme. Liquid Love opens up a bit, allowing electric pianist George Cables some room to work before he's lost underneath the string and horn section. The song itself sounds overly familiar as if you'd heard it on the radio or on some dance floor. Also on the second side, the string section reasserts itself to the kind of ballad background you hear in one of those Jazzman-and-strings pieces of the 1950s, and shimmers behind Hubbard's solo work on this Benny Golson composition. Lost Dreams on the other hand gives ample blowing space for everyone. Cables on this, his own piece, plays some of those chirps and slurs that seem to affect electric pianists, and some bluesy double-time a la Jimmy Smith. Randall gets into a warmer, lower register of the horn, and even Hubbard is a bit more biting than usual in his solo. All this, and the solo work is done over the relentless beat of guitarist Ray Parker, bassist Henry Franklin, moog synthesizer player Ian Underwood, drummer Carl Burnett, percussionist Myuto Correa and conga player Buck Clark. The backup men acquit themselves admirably with the last tune, Kuntu, that's given an additional life by the burning-extended playing of Clark on conga, after a false ending. Trombonist Al Hall is also supposed to be on the date, but if he is, he's lost among the percussion and general miscellaneous noises that must be synthesizer work.

- Ken Waxman

Polar AC
CTI 6056

An expensive recording, with an all star line-up, strings and brass, to little avail. Hubbard is heard to the best on the one sextet track, Son Of Sky Dive, which has typically well placed bass lines from Ron Carter (who is excellent throughout the LP), and warm Hubbard vibrato playing. But even this track is rather monotonous, although a double tempo swing passage helps. Junior Cook is still playing almost as he did ten years ago, and seems a little out of place.

Naturally has brass added, unnecessarily and unhelpfully, but varied and responsive drumming from Billy Cobham. I'm usually out of sympathy with Laws' classicized flute interpolations, and this is no exception. The other tracks have no sooner set a groove (not difficult with Cobham or deJohnette, plus Carter) when any drive disintegrates with the entry of a slushy string section. What a waste of the talents of James and Sebesky.

This album continues the commercially determined decline in Hubbard's recordings. Buy some more of the earlier ones instead.

- Roger Dean

High Energy
Columbia KC 33048

High energy? Perhaps, but largely misplaced energy. Freddie Hubbard, a sound, sometimes spectacular but unoriginal trumpeter, gets the Columbia star treatment here. His own quintet plus at least 20 more musicians, strings, the whole bit. Perhaps he is being groomed as a commerical successor to Miles Davis, whose music, as his staunchest supports must perforce admit, has sunk to abysmal depths of self-parody. Meanwhile, "High Energy" bears the same faceless stamp as recent Blue Note sessions emanating from Hollywood with the curious mixture of hokey electronics, self-conscious "pretty" playing and a veneer of contemporary rock. The tables have been well and truly turned, for these days pop influences jazz whereas until the 1950s the reverse was the case.

Hubbard seems to slip easily into what has become a frequently-trodden ditch where Blue Mitchell, Donald Byrd et al have been plodding interminably these past several years. What is needed is a complete power shut-off to kill the wah-wah guitars, the superfluous "technical effects", the endless electric bubble of spurious keyboards.

The first side gives us all we're going to get - the bland Hubbard (Camel Rise), the look-we-still-dig-melody Hubbard (Black Maybe) and the shrill and shrieking Hubbard (Baraka Sasa). Same run down on side two. Remember Crisis? A groovy thing Hubbard wrote for the Messengers. Here it is emasculated, rocked, "stringed" and fatally fettered. Hubbard sounds strained and stilted. Junior Cook shows he can still swing in the face of musical odds heavily loaded against him.

Ebony Moonbeams is back to pretty-boy Hubbard (he has adopted the convention of using flugel-horn for the pretties and trumpet on the nasties), and then on into the screech (with echo) of Too High which is too loud and too long. An interesting footnote: The arranger and conductor of this forgettable session was Dale Oehler who some readers may recall as the pianist on a J.R. Monterose album in the 1960s. He sounded a good pianist, too.

- Mark Gardner

MILT JACKSON

Opus de Funk
Prestige P-24048

These are sessions in which Jackson was freed from the restraints of the MJQ, and could play funkier music. Unfortunately, the 1954/1955 sessions (sides 1 and 2) seem tepid, and dated at that. Henry Boozier, who plays trumpet with a rather excessive vibrato, is a severe disadvantage, although the rhythm section of Silver, Heath and Clarke or Kay, promised well.

Sides 3 and 4 are much more satisfying. There is some lovely tenor from Jimmy Heath, and Connie Kay plays unusually propulsively, together with an excellent Ron Carter on bass and Flanagan on piano. Kenny Dorham, always a slightly tentative trumpeter, is on side 3, and plays particularly well on his own tune None Shall Wander, which also boasts a well placed high harmonic from Heath. Virgil Jones takes over from Dorham for side 4, and is more fluent and forceful.

Even though sides 3 and 4 are enjoyable, there are much better recordings of Jackson away from the MJQ than this double album.

- Roger Dean

Live at the Museum of Modern Art 1965
Trip TLP-5553

This lightly swinging Jackson set is certainly one of the more welcome of the growing set of Trip reissues. Originally issued on the Mercury-subsidiary Limelight, the record joins vibist Jackson with flutist James Moody, pianist Cedar Walton and the stellar rhythm section of bassist Ron Carter and drummer Candy Finch. Jackson is in fine form throughout, from the bouncing mallets he exhibits on the quicker tunes like his own Namesake to the vibratos with soul he gets on slower tempos like J.J. Johnson's Enigma. Walton also lets loose throughout, and Moody, a versatile jazzman of the same vintage as Bags shows he can play a ballad with authority (his own Simplicity and Beauty)

and ride along on faster tempos like Jimmy Heath's The Quota, and his own Flying Saucers. I'll also work on the assumption it's Moody who contributes the humourous vocal on that last tune, Trip doesn't say in the notes. Then there's another quibble, the liner notes have Moody down as a tenor man as well as a flutist, but if he brought the larger horn to the gig, he certainly didn't use it. Which is the problem I find with the disc. Combining Jackson's upper register work with Moody's flute leaves the overall effect effete, without a bottom. When you get to pieces like Jackson's Novamo with the flute solo following the vibe solo, the end product is like the same instrument played in a different way twice. If I had my druthers I'd still prefer to hear Jackson with a tenor sax in the front line, the kind of collaboration that produced the exceptional Jackson-Teddy Edwards date on Impulse, and the Jackson-Coleman Hawkins session on Atlantic. But still that's my personal prejudices. All in all the session is exactly what one would expect from Milt. No new trails blazed, but good swinging, professional straight-ahead Jazz. And the audience isn't even obtrusive. - Ken Waxman

KEITH JARRETT

Death and the Flower
Impulse ASD-9301

Keith Jarrett's band might be the most stable part-time group of all time. Charlie Haden and Paul Motian were Jarrett's accompanists on off-night gigs way back in the days when he played piano for Charles Lloyd. Dewey Redman joined up when the off-nights started to come along more frequently, while Jarrett played piano for Miles Davis. Now they have added percussionist Guilherme Franco, and they get together in between Jarrett's solo concerts.

Their music has resolved itself into a familiar groove. Of course they can still be surprising, but the surprises are in character. Basically, Jarrett and Redman construct rich melodies out of Jarrett's themes while Motian and Franco rumble restlessly and noisily beneath them. This kind of partitioning of the band gives Haden the balance of power. Usually he works as a melodist, leaving the pulse in that peculiar manner that seems to be his alone among bassists. No better track illustrates Haden's melodic style than the long Prayer, where he accompanied Jarrett in a duet that is truly a simultaneous improvisation. Once in a while he plays percussively, as in the ebullient Great Bird, where Jarrett's overdubbed soprano line pretty well kills the melody anyway.

The main complaint about "Death and the Flower" has been lodged against Jarrett's group recordings so many times that it is becoming automatic. There are too many stretches where nothing happens. Beginnings and endings seem to be especially tough on this group, and no one has apparently had the wit to insist that they cut the playing time of each track in half. The title tune fills side one (at 22:45), but only by dawdling. Paring it in half would double the pleasure.

- Jack Chambers

JAMES P. JOHNSON

The Original James P. Johnson
Folkways FJ2850

This is an excellent James P. Johnson record marred only slightly by the fact that two tracks aren't Jimmy at all, but Cliff Jackson (as noted in Johnny Simmens' Crystal Clear column in the October 1974 Coda) and a couple of tracks aren't previously unissued on LP as claimed, having been released on British Xtra 1024. There are also a few alternates to versions heard on the Xtra release which make for some interesting comparative listening. Other than this distraction - and the Jackson tracks are certainly desirable in their own right - this is a very easy-to-recommend record.

Most of Johnson's solo recordings are taken from early piano rolls and most of his later recordings were with groups. The value of these mid-forties solo recordings is that they evidence the extent to which Johnson's style had grown by that time. Most of his work has a whimsical quality somewhat akin to the music of ragtimer Joseph Lamb. Too, he shared Scott Joplin's admiration for classical music, and he certainly synthesized black and white methodologies better than Joplin on the one hand or Gershwin on the other. The eight original compositions here reflect Johnson's classically-oriented approach. Daintiness Rag and Twilight Rag are fine, Eastern style rags with typical construction. Blues For Jimmy, after a beautiful slow statement of the theme, digresses into some very classical-sounding figures, complete with retards and modulation of time and key signatures before spinning out with a bit of stride to the recapitulation of the theme, all quite effectively. Keep It Moving does just that, with an opening strain full of twists and turns played almost entirely in the right hand. Jimmy doesn't start striding until the second strain which features breaks filled with left-handed runs. Jungle Drums is a fascinating piece of impressionism built around a thunderous bass figure in a minor key. Discords and again, retards, are put to good use. The Dream is another impressive piece more within the ragtime tradition. Jersey Sweet and Snowy Morning Blues are examples of how Johnson was moving out of that tradition towards the Afro-American classicism heard on another Folkways record, "Yamicraw".

All but one of these pieces is on side one, which I have been listening to the most. Side two features the Cliff Jackson tunes - Sweet Lorraine, take one, and Memphis Blues - but Memphis Blues and The Dream are heard in opposite order from what the label and liner indicate, as are Euphonic Sounds and St. Louis Blues. The balance of the side consists of Jim-

my's versions of Liza, Aunt Hagar's Blues, St. Louis Blues, his own Sweet Lorraine (called Take 2 here) and Euphonic Sounds. Simmen pointed out that this track was a warm-up take with the band from Johnson's excellent Stinson LP which was canned in favor of a solo version for that release. No wonder as the whole thing sounds a bit confused here, though historical interest - that great forgiver - probably warrants its inclusion here. Of course Johnson's playing is excellent on this side but between the screw-ups and the more familiar tunes I think the other side will be the one to get the most wear.

In view of the excellence of Johnson's classically-oriented piano music an airing of some of his large-scale "serious" pieces for orchestra, etc., on which he expended a great deal of his energy might be appropriate. (I say this realizing that a few years ago some of us thought the same might be true of Joplin's Treemonisha - a monster which certainly should have been allowed to sleep forever.) Meanwhile here is excellent record of the great James P., two fine cuts of Cliff Jackson, and hopefully the last time Folkways will sabotage their own releases.

- Richard Baker

ELVIN JONES

New Agenda
Vanguard VSD 79362

If you want to read paeans to Elvin Jones, I suggest you try Frank Kofsky's "Black Nationalism and the Revolution in Music" - or Down Beat. I personally feel that Jones is the single most overrated drummer jazz has ever produced. In the past decade, he has traversed the breadth of contemporary jazz expression from Coltrane to cross-over, outpaced only by his manic ego, demanding that he be recorded and promoted with at least as much emphasis as the remainder of his bands put together. The question of drummer as ensemble participant becomes irrelevant. Rather, it becomes a problem of decibels and competition. If he wasn't out front, it was always "nothing happening" (one of the few opinions he has ventured to express about the classic Coltrane quartets) - a fact made possible in his own ensembles by choosing linemates and compositions that virtually ensured insubstantiality on all other sides. For all that he created a personal and highly influential drum style, as leader he invokes no muses save his own.

Now, with "New Agenda", this all is supposed to change. "...the interplay between his percussive ideas and the texture of the rest of the music is exquisitely balanced - Elvin sounds like a leader without the recording sounding like a drum record with instrumental accompaniment in the background." That would be nice news. After all, Elvin even did it once to Ornette (who usually brooks no such nonsense). But his compensation for a shift in recording balance is the addition of faceless extra percussion. And in fact, Elvin as leader is still Elvin plus no leader. The sound quality is improved from the horns' viewpoint, but the music is left free to find its own direction without any overt steering from the throne. That would be an ideal state of affairs, but with the power and singleminded drive Jones lays down the only direction the music can seek is ironically that of pseudoColtrane and echoes of the drummer's greatest glories. The majority of the music on this record toadies so much to vintage Coltrane that the sheer idolatry is nauseating. But of course, to do otherwise demands individual creativity; and Jones plays his bandsmen into a rut just as much as Blakey did in his bands - whether the recording balance reflects it or not.

Paying the devil his dues, this music is amusing and attractive in its own way - as an exercise in nihilism. You have to keep looking at the sleeve to recall what it is you're hearing, because on the various tracks you don't hear Frank Foster, Joe Farrell, Steve Grossman, and Azar Lawrence. You hear the Coltrane brothers - Joe, Frank, Azar, and Stevie. 'Twas ever thus. Nothing is added to the universe of ideas that could make this recording an experience for itself. The frustration is that all four reedmen (Farrell and Foster particularly) do have important musical distinctions in other settings, that are swept away here (by collective inspiration or mass hysteria - take your pick).

Habitually, for recording purposes Jones starts with his nuclear quartet (Grossman, guitarist Roland Prince, bassist Dave Williams) and hangs others on as he sees fit like so many Christmas decorations. I can't comment on what that does to ensemble empathy; except for brief moments in his Grossman-Liebman-Perla quartet of a couple of years ago, that's hard to find in his bands to begin with. But here the permutations are particularly frequent and confusing. Apart from the saxophonists already noted, various titles display percussionists - Candido, Guillermo Franco, and/or Frank Ippolito - and pianists Kenny Barron or Gene Perla. I hope some day (if not already) to know each of these for their individual musical merits. Prince, with an attractively fleet single-string style, and Williams are not only talented - they turn in the best performances on the disc. Williams' elastic lines are the very glue that keep the ensemble whole. Prince's Anti-Calypso - a Rollinsesque head that cannot escape the improvised fate of the rest of the album - is rhythmically and harmonically a superlative line, one that inspires even Jones to get off his butt and play up to his reputation. Here the two string players produce a pizzicato duet improvisation rivalled in its fascinating complexity only by the Ron Carter-George Duvivier passages of Eric Dolphy's Serene. Similar sparks fly with Williams' arco in the free segment of My Lover.

The final question is - Why Vanguard? They are looking for a crossover artist to invest in the jazz market and return some capital after the dissolution of their arrangements with Larry Coryell. Between the superficial attractiveness of this music (beneath which lies soul thievery of the lowest degree), Jones' ego, and his well-publicized confrontations with rock in the past (the Ginger Baker showdowns, "Zacariah"), Elvin may be just the man they're looking for, with proper promotion. Neither has much to lose.

- Barry Tepperman

PHILLY JOE JONES

Trailways Express
Black Lion BL-142

There is one very good reason for owning a copy of this L.P. - the superb playing of a drum master, Philly Joe Jones. The music is not particularly special otherwise and the soloists are largely routine but Philly Joe is in dynamic form.

The six tracks were recorded in London during October 1968. Joe had been living in England for about a year, subsisting on the occasional gig and income from his student percussionists. The band with him on this recording comprises Ken Wheeler (trumpet and flugelhorn), who is a proficient Miles Davis disciple, Chris Pyne (trombone), Pete King (alto), the late Harold McNair (tenor and flute), Mike Pyne (piano) and Ron Matthewson (bass). On the title track Wheeler and Matthewson are replaced by Les Condon trumpet and the late John Hart (bass) respectively.

There are two P.J.J. tunes, Mo Jo and Trailways Express, Tadd Dameron's Ladybird, and three standards Baubles Bangles and Beads, Gone, Gone, Gone and Here's That Rainy Day. The engineering and balance could have been better but Joe's drums are to the fore and that is the important thing. The leader solos on all six tracks and, as Brian Priestley says, his contributions are the logical climaxes of the performances. His statement on Gone, Gone, Gone is really something to hear (the arrangement retains the essentials of the Gil Evans score for Miles Davis) and his drive makes McNair and King play on Trailways Express.

People who put down drum solos as non-musical showmanship should be forced to hear Philly Joe's work on these sides. It is the very essence of what jazz is all about - and what is conspicuously missing from much of contemporary music - an educated beat.

- Mark Gardner

SCOTT JOPLIN

The Entertainer
Biograph 1013Q

Elite Syncopations
Biograph 1014Q

Following up the boom for Scott Joplin material caused by the success of the feature "The Sting", Biograph has revived its excellent, but dormant for over a year, line of piano roll recordings, essentially finishing the Joplin stuff. Adding

these two all-Joplin Lps to the three previous Joplin albums in the series, you would have, by my count, piano roll versions of all of Joplin's works for solo piano except three waltzes and three marches (not counting the exercises in School of Ragtime, which are incomplete pieces, and Joseph Lamb's Sensation, which Joplin had some role in scoring).

The sole interest here is in the compositions. All but one of the rolls used for the recording were machine-cut, during relatively recent years, by a ragtime enthusiast in St. Louis. Thus, they supply no real historical perspective, and musically, they have all of the weaknesses of machine-cut rolls - no dynamics, monotonously metronomic rhythm; you're fully aware at all times that the "performer" is a mechanical device. Moreover, as the rolls adhere virtually 100% to the originally published scores, they provide none of the benefits that an imaginatively arranged, full-bodied, multi-handed machine-cut roll could offer at its best.

Nevertheless, the records supply a fair amount of Joplin that hasn't been otherwise available much on Lp, and that makes for interesting listening for Joplin scholars. 1013Q (which employs Side One for the six Joplin titles appearing on "The Sting" sound track) contains Sugar Cane, The Great Crush Collision March and Combination March, for example, while 1014Q includes Country Club, Eugenia (with the last repeat oddly truncated), Cleopha, Leola and Lily Queen. Pianists who are working with Joplin will also benefit from hearing these published scores of such hard-to-find items.

On the other hand, any competent sight reader could do as well technically. Besides, several recent Lps have appeared, notably the popular Joshua Rifkin efforts, of Joplin played basically as written, but with more feeling than is embodied in the piano rolls. Possibly for that reason, I find myself getting bored rather quickly on the more familiar selections.

Sound quality is impeccable, choice of tempos is generally excellent, and liner notes by Mike Montgomery and Trebor Tichenor (both piano roll experts, Joplin historians, and ragtime pianists) are chock-full of interesting data. Joplin buffs and piano roll addicts, take note.

- Tex Wyndham

DUKE JORDAN

The Murray Hill Caper
Spotlite DJ5

This is a disappointing album. Jordan, a well regarded pianist and composer in the later 40's and 50's, dropped out of the music business in the 60's, returning to professional playing only in 1972. This album was made about a year later, in April '73, and the long lay off shows. If the album as a whole is to be characterized in a word, that word would be lifeless. With two brief and partial exceptions - Cecil Payne on Night And Day and Jordan on Cold Bordeaux Blues, no one exhibits any energy whatsoever. The volume level is virtually constant, giving a sort of "elevator music" effect. Nor is there any sustained soloing, any stretching out.

Duke's technique has suffered. Still, it is not necessary to be busy and fast to be musical. But Duke doesn't even manage that. His lines are trite, achieving a certain prettiness only on 32nd Street Love. His best effort is, as noted above, on Cold Bordeaux Blues. He tries an occasional block chord passage, and even a few sixteenth notes - and then declines into lifelessness again with the next tune. More serious is the poverty of his harmonic expression, the colourless chord voicings being particularly noticeable on ballads. Finally, and most troublesome, is his comping. An excessive use of stable downbeats and the use of a sustained sound severely inhibits the "swing" of the group, adding once more to the impression of lifelessness. Nor is this a good album on which to catch up on your Cecil Payne, whose playing here is quite as uninspired as Jordan's. The only tune on which he sounds at home is the standard, Night And Day, though note should also be made of the fine sound he gets - almost like a cello - on the line of 32nd Street Love.

Little need be said of the rhythm section. The bass is given only a couple of short solos, neither of which is interesting. The drums are equally nondescript, though occasionally Brian Brake can be annoying, as with his insistent brush figure in the 3/4 Glad I Met Pat, which obliterates whatever little swing the tune might otherwise have had.

Jordan is also known as a composer, Jordu being probably his best known tune. Not surprisingly, then, eight of the nine songs on this album are originals - but it doesn't help. Only one of the songs is up to Duke's standard, Flight To Jordan, and significantly it is one of his older tunes. The new batch, presumably written for this album, have little to recommend them. W'utless, the opener, is an elementary and tedious line played in a mechanical calypso rhythmic frame. There are two original blues - or rather, one and a half. The first, Lay Out Blues, is simply a four bar phrase repeated. The second, Cold Bordeaux Blues is in fact a 16 bar line (again based on a repeated 4 bar phrase) which, for no visibly good reason, goes into 12 bar blues form for the choruses. Lady Dingbat, 32nd Street Love, and Paula are ballad-type tunes, none of much substance, but all certainly better than the previously mentioned songs. The last original, Glad I Met Pat, referred to in the liner notes as a "peculiar, catchy theme" is neither but merely one more vacuous, pop-type tune, this time is 3/4.

As to organization and presentation, all the material, with the exception of the last tune, seems to be unarranged - in the sense of disorganized. On the first two tracks, the song ends, but the drummer doesn't. In fact, the problem of endings seems to have so overwhelmed this group that they solve it, for almost every track, by fade out. The low point comes at the end of the drum sclo in Night And Day. Right: the band gets out of

meter. Why that was allowed to go on record I fail to understand. But then, I don't quite see why the record was made in the first place. - John Redford

JUJU

Chapter Two: Nia
Strata-East SES 7420

For its second album, the group JuJu seems to have re-located itself from the west coast to Richmond, Virginia, with only slight personnel changes along the way. Bassist Phil Branch is a new addition, as are percussionist and poet Ngoma Ya Uhuru and conga drummer Simbo, who appears on two cuts. The group's music - best summed up as a young, energetic adaptation of the Pharoah Sanders style - is slowly evolving more originality, due to a perhaps conscious effort to blend more aspects of the Great Black Music experience into the playing. A tight, driving version of Sanders' composition Black Unity takes up most of side two, but there are other elements present besides the Sanders influence. Drummer Babatunde has simplified his playing without draining away any energy, and the result is a healthy bit of funk. Black Unity, for example, replaces the thick, multi-rhythmic textures of the original version for a straight-ahead approach that works beautifully.

Elsewhere, Babatunde kicks the album into gear with sassy drumming on the superb Contradiction, pushing the tune forward with work that owes as much to rhythm-and-blues as it does to Africa - and remember, all of that is part of the music. Saxophonist Plunky Nkabinde remains JuJu's strongest player. He pays a lot of attention to the inflection behind each note he plays, concentrating on the presence of each note and its total contribution to the ongoing improvisation. He manages to be dramatic without showing off, and is certainly one of a select few young horn players who are extending the tradition of Trane without resorting to imitation. Nkabinde's main horn is the tenor, but he's drawing good things out of the soprano as well, and solos on both at length on Black Unity. His flute work, featured primarily on Nia, is a bit weak. Lon Moshe continues to alternate between vibraphone and percussion, the former adding a distinct and original aspect to the group's sound. Pianist Al-Hammel Rasul has fine moments, although he sometimes appears hesitant to move in any definite direction, as on Black Experience. Branch and the percussionists all work well with Babatunde. This album - like JuJu's first - is somewhat uneven in material, and Uhuru's two poems, Complete The Circle and Things Comin' Along, are the sort of black consciousness rap that fail to communicate as strongly as the music does. Yet JuJu is a growing group that needs time to consolidate its ideas and approaches, and hopefully it will continue recording its progress.

- Eugene Chadbourne

JOHN KIRBY

Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm
TAX m-8016

There are few groups in the history of jazz who seemed to be touched more by the influences of classicism than the John Kirby band. Only the MJQ comes readily to mind in this regard. The Kirby band play what could truly be thought of as real "chamber jazz", a term that's bandied about rather freely where small groups are concerned but actually implies some very specific things. It suggests formality and discipline, control and a strong ensemble sense. That is the basis of the work heard in this collection of 16 sides from the 1939-41 Columbia period.

There are those who find the Kirby band a bit dull because of the lack of spontaneity, the absence of the soloist as the center of interest, and the tight scoring, mostly by trumpeter Charlie Shavers. All this is present, but I don't find it boring. These are still jazz musicians - great ones at that - and they have merely laid out a specific plan of musical procedure for themselves. To me, the sense of tension and release, the dynamics, and above all the pulsing swing of good jazz is still there.

In a sense, it is refreshing to hear a true ensemble sound in jazz. It is an art that has virtually disappeared since the advent of bop when the soloist finally completed the revolution begun by Armstrong. Like the finest ensembles in any idiom, the combination of the Kirby group was a delicate mechanism of precise balance and subtle interplay. Shavers, Buster Bailey and Russ Procope - each a strong individualist in his own right - are part of an interlocking and mutually dependent musical organism here. Along with the excellent work of Billy Kyle they make an immaculate front line.

To further emphasize the classical chamber nature of the group, the selection of material favors adaptations from classical literature. Chopin's Impromptu, Dvorak's Humoresque, Sextet from Lucia, One Alone, and others. There are also subtle but exciting versions of Sweet Georgia Brown, Royal Garden Blues, Little Brown Jug and Chloe. The remarkable thing is how such a diversity of material comes together with such unity on this LP.

As always with TAX records, the sound is superb. Recommended.

- John McDonough

ROLAND KIRK

We Free Kings
Trip Jazz TLP-5541

This is a reissue of the Mercury LP of the same title, recorded in August 1961 and still one of Roland Kirk's best records. Although Kirk had made an album in 1956 at the age of 19, it remains an obscure and little known disc; at the time "We Free Kings" was recorded, Kirk was just beginning to attract attention on a large scale with the release of "Introducing Roland Kirk" on the Argo label and the spreading legend of the man who plays three horns at once.

During that winter of 1961-2, Kirk worked and recorded with Charles Mingus, fronted a rhythm section for a long gig at the Club 100 in Cleveland, Ohio, and went on from there to open at the Five Spot in New York in March 1962, make several more record dates that spring, and begin to achieve the larger than life status he enjoys today. For many of his early fans, his later work seemed to become increasingly gimmicky and flamboyant in contrast to the unself-conscious artistry of his playing in the very early 1960's. I can remember going into the Club 100 and, hearing the sound of a whole sax section, turning to face the tiny bandstand and being confronted by the full visual and aural effect of Roland Kirk with all three horns in his chops not three feet away. Every phrase, each note in the voicings he would create, had logical validity in the context of the performances he was spinning out with breathtaking fluency and compelling urgency. Whether soloing on one horn, switching from one to another, punctuating his ideas or creating riffs with two or three at once, or singing into his flute, there was never the impression of merely showing off that pervades much of his more recent work.

This album features many of the tunes he was performing at the Club 100 that winter, and also places Kirk in a quartet setting, with either Hank Jones or Richard Wyands on piano, Wendell Marshall or Art Davis on bass, and Charlie Persip on drums. The interchangeability of the rhythm section is illustrated by this Trip release reversing the assignment of the groups to their respective performances (Jepsen's "Jazz Records" agrees with the original release). Both pianists have solo space so there is opportunity for the listener to decide which is Wyands and which is Jones, but the album is primarily a tour-de-force for Kirk. Seven of the nine performances are Kirk's compositions as well; four pieces are blues, including Charlie Parker's Blues For Alice.

On You Did It, You Did It, Kirk's flute feature, he gasps, sings, and talks into the instrument for a highly original and passionate slow blues performance, extending the technique of humming into the flute (which had been used on record some years earlier by Yusef Lateef) one step further. The song-flute technique is also utilized on Three For The Festival, which also features his three-horn lines; in fact, multi-horned passages are to be heard on all other tracks as well.

Kirk solos on tenor and manzello on each of the remaining performances excepting We Free Kings, a reworking of the Christmas carol of similar title, on which he solos on manzello and flute; his solos are consistently effective, highly charged statements. For those who cannot keep the horns straight, the manzello is the little one that sounds like a soprano, and the stritch is the long one in the middle that sounds like an alto. About

the only criticism that can be made against this album is that Kirk does not play any stritch solos. It is good to have this fine record available again.

- Vladimir Simosko

JOHN KLEMMER

Intensity
Impulse AS-9224

Lots of straining, soul-searching music with the emphasis on the search and not the soul. On one hand, you can feel that Klemmer is trying to put himself through the same musical sensations his idols such as Trane, Sanders and Shepp have gone through. But on the other, Klemmer's lack of true emotional commitment to the music drains away any real interest. When he screams on the tenor, he doesn't sound like he means it. His technique allows him to do it, but that doesn't make it automatically valid. John Klemmer sounds intense, but he isn't intense. It's the difference between being superficial and being real; on the surface, this album sounds good. But the surface is all there is. A rhythm section of Tom Canning, electric piano, Dave Parlato, Fender bass; Bart Hall, drums; and Victor Feldman, percussion, are featured on five studio cuts, while Bayette (Todd Cochran) electric piano; Woody Theus, drums; and James Leary, acoustic bass; are present for 18 minutes of live music from a San Francisco concert. Both rhythm sections sound uncomfortable and contribute very little. The album's mix is poor - only Klemmer's tenor isn't buried, hah hah. The live music - most of it totally improvised - is simply boring. The studio work contains two pleasant tunes, Rapture Of The Deep and C'Mon And Play With Me, the latter a pleasant, romantic trifle played in a breathy tone reminiscent of Charles Lloyd. Two compositions dedicated to Trane, Waltz For John Coltrane and Prayer For John Coltrane, prove there is an abundance of Johns between John Coltrane and John Klemmer. The former concentrates - like much of Klemmer's music - on playing as fast as possible. Alvin Lee would love it. Some Waltz. The worst taste of all comes not from the music, but from the liner notes. Written by Klemmer, they go on and on explaining the various concepts on hand as if the author had invented them all. At one point he carefully explains the improvisational process once labelled "sheets of sound"; at another point he says "I can use screaming and tone inflections to express what I feel as if I were speaking." Great idea, John. Someone ought to patent that.

- Eugene Chadbourne

OLIVER LAKE

Heavy Spirits
Arista 1008

When a so called new voice is presented on record, and that new voice turns out to be one of the most powerful sounds you have ever heard, the thing to do is to investigate the source. In this case it turns out that the player, Oliver Lake, is not so new, and has in fact been performing in the St. Louis area for a number of years within a now defunct organization called the Black Artists Group of St. Louis (BAG). This first recording, on a major label, is somewhat of a surprise, for it is perhaps the most dramatic and superbly organized music to appear in the last year or so.

The first side consists of three compositions, linked together in one continuous performance, by a quintet of standard jazz form. Oliver Lake, alto saxophone; Olu Dara, trumpet; Donald Smith, piano; Stafford James, bass; and Victor Lewis drums. The first composition, While Pushing Down Turn, begins with an extended introduction by the rhythm section showing Donald Smith to be a fine pianist with a slight leaning toward the Cecil Taylor attitudes, with abrupt rhythmic phrasing constituting the nucleus of his style. The written theme lays over the top in a half time feeling without actually being just that. Short bursts explode into the real TEMPO in a very dramatic way, eventually to become improvised conversations between Oliver's vocalised alto and Olu Dara's trumpet. The improvised sound stays melodically very close to the composed form throughout the whole piece, shifting between its tempos in a wave form. The bridge to the second section, Owshet, is a fine percussion solo by Victor Lewis, and at this point the music is giving me the feeling that this is the most honest extension of the bebop period I have heard, for Owshet has that feeling as well. Making the body bop UP and down. Lake leaps from the theme playing around the beat, like a man possessed, roaring into silence for a very thoughtful solo from Dara. Once again the link to that past comes into my head, here are the spirits of Clifford Brown and Booker Little, ready to reappear in this period. Smith's jabbing piano style is perfect in this music, little clusters placed as startling groups of dynamics. The theme appears briefly, almost as a reminder, and then changes, or slides would be better, into Heavy Spirits. These spirits are the blues of Stafford James, the piano so blackly romantic in its accompaniment, and Oliver and Olu Dara never quite stop playing on this short piece. Very beautiful.

Side two opens with three compositions written by Oliver for three violins and alto saxophone. Movement Equals Creation, Altoviolin and Intensity. The first of the three presents Oliver in slow conversation form with the strings, melodic and smooth with a very strong "classical" feel to the whole. Altoviolin, just as the title implies is in that order, and at first separate, each section at a time, with collective bridges holding them together. Intensity builds in a long slow quiet line that puts one in the position of having to wait for the next movement, which does not come in this form, but arrives instead as an eloquent and lonely solo alto piece entitled Lonely Blacks. A message, if indeed there is supposed to be one, is very clear. The final piece brings forth the trio of Lake, again on alto, Joseph Bowie, trombone and Charles Bobo Shaw drums. Rocket in title, comes like a rocket, from out of nowhere, rhythmically fierce, pulsating in duet interchanges, crashing your foot or your very existence into its surprises. Introducing you to two more players that are to be very much a part of this music's future.

In summation, I feel overwhelmed by all this superb music, happy that my music is strong, perhaps in a sense that it has never been before, with so many players, all over the planet, producing and continuing a music that can never end.

In the liner note by Anthony Braxton it says, "Finally the focus is opening to include the complete (correct) picture of what has been raised in the sixties on this part of the planet. Oliver Lake will have a say in the direction of creative music in this next period. Lake's music represents to me imagination, feeling and honesty. His work has been important to me for years and now, finally, he has been given a chance to record. We are fortunate." Indeed we are....

(Side One and Rocket recorded January 31, 1975, N.Y.C., all other selections recorded February 3, 1975, Boston.)

- Bill Smith

Gene Rodgers

CRYSTAL CLEAR

"In 1940 I had one of the best pianists of them all in my trio: Gene Anderson, well I mean Gene Rodgers. I sometimes mix up the two names but not the two men. Anderson, with whom I worked in Carroll Dickerson's Orchestra, was a good pianist and a big fellow but Gene Rodgers was something else: a giant of a man with huge hands who could and did play the ENTIRE piano. He had the biggest hands I've ever seen with a pianist and being a fine instrumentalist, he knew how to put them to full use. One evening I had the suspicion that he could use his fists for something else, too, boxing for instance...Now, I'm a big fellow myself and I'm not easily intimidated by people. However, one night when Gene Anderson - pardon, Gene RODGERS, I mean - was playing with me, something he did - I can't remember what - displeased me. So I told him to cut that jive. Perhaps I said it a bit loudly. In any case, Gene stared at me and got up from the piano, walking in my direction, repeating: 'What do you mean, Zutty? Anything wrong with me?' And he was SO BIG! Almost like a big tent...and I thought it wise not to get into a fight with him. So I just said: 'All is OK. Just keep playing. I didn't mean to say anything nasty.' Gene RODGERS smiled and replied: 'Good deal.' He returned to the piano and kept playing and so did I. I will never forget this incident, though." That was Zutty Singleton speaking about the trio he led at "Jimmy Ryan's", in 1940, with Edmond Hall and Gene Rodgers (Zurich, 1951).

Gene and I corresponded for a while in 1947, then again in 1955 and for a spell in 1973. He is a well-organized, amiable man with a great love for music-making. And he wants it to be understood that he is not a piano-player of the past but that it is the PRESENT that he is interested in first and foremost. He says that the only thing which is not correct in John Chilton's biography is the year of his birth. John indicates 1910 but Gene says it is 1915. Well, of course, Mr. Rodgers is the one who should know best. However, in 1944 (Down Beat of December 1, 1944) Gene himself gave the year to Sharon A. Pease (who had a regular, admirable column about pianists in Down Beat for years) and neither in 1947 nor in 1955 did he ever protest against the year 1910 as the one he came into this world. As a member of Bingie Madison's orchestra, he recorded under Clarence Williams' name on October 31, 1930 (one number, Hot Lovin' has a solo, badly recorded, a bit messy and being partly spoilt by the use of too much pedal) while there is an entirely admirable, well-constructed, UNACCOMPANIED solo by Gene on Baby Won't You Please Come Home of February 19, 1931 (there is no piano solo in the Williams version of BWYPCH of October 31, 1930). Full of long, pianistically flawlessly executed runs, and advanced chords the solo is entirely out of context with the rest of the (fine) record: one would swear that the pianist's contribution was "dubbed in" about ten years later than the rest - which, of course, was NOT the case. I point this out for the sole reason to show where Mr. Rodgers' had been standing already at THAT (early) time. (Gene says that he never recorded with King Oliver - session of January 9, 1931 with a slightly modified Bingie Madison band personnel). The BWYPCH with Gene's solo can be heard on Natchez NLP 3005. It is unimportant whether Gene Rodgers was born in 1910 or 1915 - we have to respect HIS information - even for a 21 year old musician the solo under review would be an astonishing achievement...but if it was performed by a 16 year old...well, SOME people are just BORN GREAT.

Gene started taking piano lessons from his father when he was nine years old. His dad having been a Boston Conservatory graduate, Gene got a strictly formal, classical training for seven years. In 1930, Gene Rodgers formed a musical comedy act with Frank Radcliffe and toured most US states as well as Europe (1936) for the next eight years. While in England, Gene not only recorded with Benny Carter - who was then arranging for the London BBC orchestra - but also cut two terrific solos, Three Minutes Of Blues/Was It A Lie for Vocalion (two more sides, made for Decca, Shoeshine Boy/Swing Mad have never been issued. One of my correspondents, Les Airey from Windsor, Canada was told by Gene in 1952 that the producer wanted him to sing on Shoe Shine Boy but he declined, feeling the lyrics were too much in an Uncle Tom vein. Result: the record was not released). Three Minutes Of Blues/Was It A Lie were reissued on the Stride label.

It is easy to hear that Gene Rodgers' influences of that time were Art Tatum and Fats Waller. Tatum's first St. Louis Blues seems to have been le point de depart for Three Minutes Of Blues - with a few excursions into Waller-land, especially where a few typical treble ideas are concerned.

Coleman Hawkins - His Greatest Hits, RCA, Black & White 730.625 includes all the solos Rodgers confined to wax in the next period (1939/40). This fantastic album is another feather in the cap of the undisputed king of jazz reissues, Mr. Jean-Paul Guiter. Gene plays his, by now, famous introduction to Body And Soul and he has two light and easy swinging solos on Meet Doctor Foo. He plays rather intricate introductions to all four titles of the next session - January 3, 1940 - and has an inspired solo on Bouncin' With Bean. There is still a marked Tatum influence but Fats Waller's characteristic traits have given way to a very pronounced leaning towards Teddy Wilson's style. This is also very noticeable on the tracks made by Hawkins' big

photograph of Gene Rodgers by J.P. Tahmazian, courtesy of Black And Blue Records

band (recorded live at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom, Jazz Society AA504) - Sweet Adeline, Sheik Of Araby and trumpeter Robert Hicks' Chant Of The Groove (also recorded, around the same time, by Fats Waller's big band). All these solos show great technical facility and are musicianly and expertly performed. Musidisc JA 5126 is another album comprised of Hawk's big band Savoy Ballroom performances. Gene Rodgers takes a particularly fine solo a la Teddy Wilson on It's A Wonderful World. Gene considers this period one of the happiest and musically most satisfying of his entire career. In his letter of May 14, 1973 he writes: "My most joyful recollection of my whole musical life is my two year association with the late Coleman Hawkins. He, in my opinion, was the greatest instrumentalist and most creative performer of all time. I had the honor of being the pianist on his famous Body And Soul recording. Bean was so prolific on his instrument that anything he thought or heard in music, he could instantly play in split second repetition. For instance, I'd play a riff - better explained as improvisation - and Hawk who always stood very close to the piano, would immediately interweave whatever I would play into whatever HE was playing during his solo! And it was incredible how beautifully he would do this musical feat. I don't think there was anything hidden musically to his great talent. The only musician I admire as much as Coleman Hawkins is the late Art Tatum. For me these two naturally born artists were the masters".

In 1958 Gene Rodgers made an album for Mercury (MG 36145), heading two little-known but excellent musicians, Tommy Williams (bass) and Ben Riley (drums). Long-deleted, there are still copies of this album around, showing up in auctions in the USA and in Europe. Gene himself and liner-note writer and session supervisor, Jack Tracy make it clear that Gene has kept up with the times and that what we hear is the music of a young man. This is, indeed, correct and I doubt that there are many pianists of Gene Rodgers' generation who can and do perform so "modern". Now, this in itself isn't, of course, any proof of quality. Personally, I am not over-impressed by some of Gene's efforts on this album since, to me, much of it sounds a bit forced and I feel there is a little too much deliberate trying to prove something, i.e. to sound up-to-date at any cost. Nevertheless, some tracks are much better than some of the others. Among the most successful ones I'd mention Minor Impressions, All The Things You Are and Benny Golson's Whisper Not. I remember how very impressed Joe Turner was when it first came out and when he discovered how tepidly I reacted to most of the music, he tried his darndest to lure the LP away from me...and of course, he succeeded!

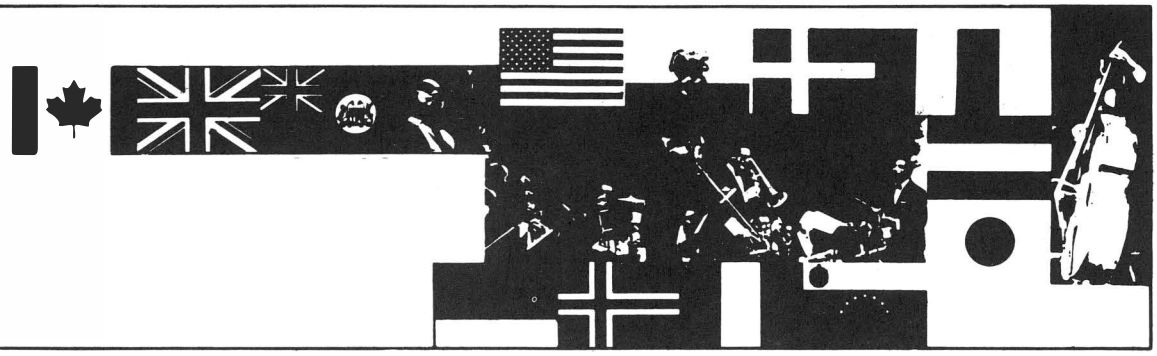
It is interesting to note that Gene says that at the same time as the above mentioned album (which is called "Jazz Comes To The Astor" where the Rodgers Trio was working at that time) he made another one, bearing the self-explanatory title "Gene Rodgers Plays Richard Rodgers". Gene told me that he owns a copy of the record (also made for Mercury) but I couldn't find any kind of trace of this LP and neither could any of my pals in the U.S.A. or/and in any other corner of the world. Is there any reader who has heard this record?

Messrs. Monestier and Tahmazian did it again!! In July 1972 they recorded "Gene Rodgers with Slam Stewart and Jo Jones" (Black & Blue 33.047). The remaining three numbers from the date, which took place in New York, can be found on Slam Stewart - "Slamboree" (Black & Blue 33.049). (Bill Davis plays exciting PIANO on six tracks on the latter album, together with Al Casey, Slam and Joe Marshall - and what an extraordinary quartet they make! Bill - he doesn't care much for the "Wild" tag anymore - was a fine pianist on some of Louis Jordan's records. If It's Love You Want Baby, That's Me (1945), Early In The Mornin', Look Out Sister (1947) etc. and he is still an exciting pianist today. It was an excellent idea to feature him on piano again, for a change. For me, this cooking quartet makes B&B 33.049 one of the finest albums in the whole superb catalogue of Black & Blue).

In comparison with the aforenamed quartet, the trio with Gene, Slam and Jo Jones sounds kind of restrained. This is probably due to Gene Rodgers himself whose playing is very meticulous, consciously "modern" and emotionally under wraps almost throughout. He is an exceptional musician, no doubt about that. But I'd wish that, every now and then, he would just let himself go and SWING OUT - and to hell with that slightly "gentlemanly approach" which seems to hold him back every so often. But an artist cannot be told what to do (and it's better this way), especially one who has such sharply defined ideas about how he should and wants to sound. Remember that solo on Clarence Williams' Baby Won't You Please Come Home and it will become clear that even as far back as 1931 Gene's conception was a rigorously "progressive" one and that he has stayed this way all his life. Don't get me wrong; his playing here is very musicianly and always musically interesting. Gene Rodgers' great talent can never be questioned. It's just that a little more abandon would make his playing more lively. Ceci dit, Gene plays fine stuff on Lullaby Of The Leaves, After Hours and Body And Soul (B&B 33.047) and When Your Lover Has Gone (B&B 33.049). On his SOLO of September In The Rain (33.047), Gene doesn't use his left hand like a pianist of his generation would do. This is even more true of his left hand playing in Makin' Whoopee. Yes, Mr. Rodgers sure goes HIS OWN WAY. To me he sounds like a (little bit) older brother of Red Garland. But like a William H. Garland who wishes to prove that he is a gentleman - with all his feeling under control, first, and a wailing cat, second!

- Johnny Simmen

around the world



TORONTO

Despite the successful appearance of Kid Sheik with the Silverleaf Jazz Band at the Church Street Community Centre, poor attendance has forced the club to end its sessions for the summer months. They anticipate a return in the fall. In the meantime the band continues to play Saturday matinees at Chez Moi and will be playing on Lake Ontario on August 20 (Tormax Cruise) and September 7 (Jazz On The Lake.)

The Climax Jazz Band continues its residency at DJ's Tavern. Special guest appearances lined up include one night with Bob Barnard's Australian band on July 16. Set for three nights (September 8, 9, 10) at DJ's is the world famed Dutch Swing College Band. Advance tickets at $10.00 per person (includes a roast beef dinner) are available from Tormax Music, 5 Shady Golfway, Apt. 412, Don Mills, Ontario M3C 3A5.

George's Spaghetti House celebrated its twentieth year in business with a month of special meals at 1956 prices. This was early in the evening so they weren't able to offer 1976 music at 1956 prices!...CJRT celebrates Louis Armstrong's birthday with a special three hour presentation by Ted O'Reilly...The Phil Nimmons band is appearing at Mother Necessity July 11 and will be at Basin Street for the week of July 26.

CoJazz has lined up an impressive roster of artists for the Olympics and visiting athletes will have the chance to hear Paul Horn, Phil Nimmons, and Maynard Ferguson...Keith Jarrett, Jan Garbarek and Charlie Haden were in Vancouver June 14 for a performance of the pianist's recent work "Arbour Zena" with a 30 piece string orchestra...Vancouver's Hot Jazz Society (36 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C.) presented clarinetist Joe Darensbourg with the Hot Jazz All Stars for the nights of June 11 and 12... The two week jazz course at the Banff Centre from August 2 to 13 has been fully subscribed. Students will benefit from the expertise of Phil Nimmons, Don Clark, Dave Field, Gary Williamson, Stan Perry, Paul Horn, Big Miller and Gene Bertoncini.

THE SCENE

BASIN STREET - 180 Queen Street West
July 12-24 - Dakota Staton
26-31 - Nimmons 'N' Nine Plus Six
BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen St. West
July 12-14 - Marvin Stamm
26-
Aug. 7 - Milt Jackson
9-21 - Don Menza
23-
Sept 4 - Johnny Guarnieri
CHEZ MOI - 30 Hayden Street
Silverleaf Jazzmen - Saturday afternoons
CHATEAU DUFFERIN TAVERN
Dufferin & St. Clair
Celebration Jazz Band - Friday and Saturdays 9-12.30 a.m.
D.J.'S BAR - Hydro Building - University & College
Climax Jazz Band - six nights a week with
July 16-21 - Jodie Drake
July 16-17 - Bob Barnard's Jazz Band
EXECUTIVE RESTAURANT
254 Eglinton Avenue East
Saturdays 2-6 p.m. John Dela Trio
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina Avenue
July 29-31 - Esther Phillips
Aug 2- 7 - Illinois Jacquet
FRIDAY NIGHT JAZZ
355 College Street - 3rd Floor - Friday nights from 10.30-3.00 a.m.
GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE
290 Dundas Street East
July 12-17 - Alvinn Pall
19-24 - Bruce Cassidy
26-31 - Moe Koffman
Aug 2- 7 - Russ Little
9-14 - Eugene Amaro
16-21 - Moe Koffman
23-28 - Bernie Piltch
GROSSMAN'S TAVERN - 379 Spadina
Fridays and Saturdays from 8 p.m. (Saturday matinee 3 p.m.)
Kid Bastien's Camelia Band
MALLONEY'S - 85 Grenville Street
Climax Jazz Band - Saturday afternoons
MOTHER NECESSITY JAZZ WORKSHOP
July 13-17 - Ted Moses and guests
18 - Northern Lights Big Band
20-21 - Jack McCaffrey Quintet
22-24 - CHINA
25 - Howie Silverman Big Band
27-28 - Al Kay Quintet
29-31 - Joel Shulman Quartet
Aug 3- 4 - John Forrest Trio
5- 7 - Bruce Harvey
10-11 - Howie Silverman Quartet
12-14 - Ron Small & Joel Shulman
15 - Humber College Big Band
17-18 - Lorne Kellett
Aug 1 & 8 - Mother Necessity Big Band
THE MUSIC GALLERY - 30 St. Patrick St
CCMC concerts every Tuesday and Friday
Special concerts every Saturday. Phone 368-5975 for further information
NORMANDIE ROOM, THE WESTBURY HOTEL - 475 Yonge Street
Jim Galloway Quartet - Monday thru Thursday
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LOS ANGELES

Hot and smoggy this June day; Southern California braves another summer. A much livelier jazz scene this year as opposed to previous years.

Stanley Crouch, L.A. expatriate (as of summer '75), drummer, poet, teacher and jazz critic for "Players" magazine, made a surprise visit to his old employ, The Claremont Colleges on 3/19 to keep

his Southern California following up on his latest works in progress, poems and snatches from his up-coming book, "If the Man on the Moon Was a Coon". The following week-end he resumed his "man-of-many-words" for another poetry reading at Rudolph's Fine Arts Center in L.A., to be followed the following eve with a group performance, showcasing the talents of Bobby Bradford (tpt), Roberto Miranda (bass), James Newton (flute), and of course Stanley Crouch (drums), to be followed the following eve with yet another performance; this time Mr. Renaissance Man himself (as Downbeat 3/25/76 dubbed him) in solo drum concert. Now all this is fine with me and I'm sure that all who attended the sparse affairs enjoyed, but it's the old communications breakdown scene again, as Bradford vocalized, "The dudes who were supposed to put up the posters dropped the ball."

And now for the art event of the year: The Cecil Taylor Quintet at UCLA Royce Hall, March 30th preceded that day by a one day residency where Mr. Taylor expounded and elucidated on his straight ahead non-stop uncompromising valid views on art and society. Evidently Andrew Cyrille has left the group to work with his Maono, replaced by Marc Edwards (drums), Rafe Maleck (trumpet), young tenor David S. Ware who may be heard on Cyrille's lp "Celebration" and of course the inimitable Mr. Jimmy Lyons with his usual heavy bag of tricks, and all under the direction of Cecil's piano. The two compositions ran roughly an hour apiece where the horns each took long explorations deep into Cecil's rhythmic "thrusts" (as he said during "class"; that he didn't know what rhythm meant, only that it is governed by the quality of the note and the thrust of a particular composition at the time of that particular manifestation). There were dialogues between Marc Edwards and Taylor, then Cecil alone, all interspersed with demonic and powerful "head arrangements" for the three horns.

Charles Mingus entertained on 4/2&3 at the old Coconut Grove, now Concerts at the Grove with his latest Quintet consisting of Danny Richmond (drums), George Adams (tenor sax), Danny Mixon (piano) and Jack Walrath (trumpet). Weekends in April and May the James Newton Quartet (a Los Angeles based group) held forth out in Venice Beach at The Driftwood Dinner Club. James is a flautist who in recent years was a member of Stanley Crouch's Black Music Infinity, playing with Bobby Bradford, Black Arthur Blythe, David Murray and John Carter.

A recent set-back of the L.A. scene consisted of the closing of Rudolph Porters' Fine Arts Center at 50th and Crenshaw where unmentionable landlord hassles prevailed, forcing the much attended Sunday afternoon concerts by the John Carter Ensemble and Friends to subside after two and one-half years of community oriented performances spiced by the relaxing homey atmosphere, informal jam sessions, wine, cheese, fruit, and all manner of dishes contributed by the ladies that continually enhanced the family feeling of the concerts. John Carter at the time is recording his suite, "Reflections From Rudolph's", for John Hardy's Revelation label with his Ensemble, William Jeffrey (drums), Roberto Miranda (bass), Stanley Carter (electric and upright bass) and reeds controlled by Mr. Carter himself with many swinging exhibitions of note and harmonics over the Bb clarinet and fiery extravaganzas with the soprano saxophone.

Horace Tapscott continues to uphold the association U.G.M.A. (Underground Musicians' Association) with his Pan African Orchestra at last Sunday of the month performances at the church at 85th and Holmes, 4:00, L.A. For more information call (213) 294-7835.

Coming down from San Francisco the third week of May with his (electric and acoustic) guitarist Michael Jackson, was Oliver Lake who just finished an engagement at San Francisco's Keystone Korners, sharing the bill with the Sam Rivers Trio. Jackson has fine aesthetic concerning the use of electric instruments and plays Oliver's music with a good rapport, seeming to disappear within the tone of the alto saxophone, emerging with dissonant chords, punctuating randomly at times giving the music a wild, vibrant ever expanding feeling as well as fitting well into Oliver's tranquil reflective pieces on his acoustic.

Harold Land and Blue Mitchell's Quintet appeared around town several times during the month of May. Land being a veteran of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach bands is of special interest, now residing in Los Angeles.

5/17 almost saw light with a David Murray-Human Arts Ensemble (represented by Charles Bobo Shaw) concert at Claremont College but lack of funds curtailed its reality. 5/28 the John Carter Ensemble kicked off this year's Garden Festival at USC. 5/29 Mingus returned to the Lighthouse "Just another waterfront dive" in Hermosa Beach.

The first week in June, Stan Getz carried on at Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach. Also at the Parisien Room that week was Betty "Bebop" Carter (as the taped answering service insisted) accompanied by Walter Booker (bass), Cliff Barbaro (drums) and John Hicks (piano). The final eve Abbey Lincoln was in attendance for a swinging Do Something, Star Eyes, and a full-tilt Swing Brother Swing, Betty interjecting the lyrics almost randomly over the top of the speedy uptempo vehicle. 6/12 at UCLA saw Keith Jarrett and Strings with soloists Charlie Haden and Jan Garbarek. Also that Saturday was the John Carter-Bobby Bradford Quintet at the Inner City Cultural House. Diz and Carmen McRae spent an evening at the Ambassador Hotel's Grove on 6/19. At the Speakeasy on Santa Monica Blvd. during 6/21 and 22 the John Carter Ensemble introduced their full and lucid vocalist Melba Joy to voice John's long unsung lyrics. The concerts brought back fond memories from the days of Rudolph's Fine Arts Center where Carter was able to expose and thus develop his music on a regular basis.

What 6/24-27 had in store for us here was what was usually a rare treat for Los Angeles viewers, but thanks to a local record store's sponsorship of already three such concerts hopefully events like the Art Ensemble of Chicago at The Studio on Slauson Blvd. will not seem like a dream come true. The June-warm evenings at the loft were carried out with much fanfare, hokum, firecrackers, bell toting demons, poetry and of course straight ahead A.E.C. The third evening Los Angeles' John Carter accompanied them on clarinet for the entire second set, beginning with a trio moving piece for clarinet, bass clarinet and flute. Rasul Siddik also joined for a few outings on trumpet.

Upcoming we have Frank Lowe assisted by Los Angeles' Tylon Barea and Roberto Miranda and Oakland's Butch Morris on trumpet. Bobby Bradford will open his store front concerts in Pasadena next month and possibly Steve Lacy will come to town depending on enterpreneur interest. - Mark Weber

ODDS & ____

Woodstock's Creative Music Festival took place the weekends of June 4/6 and June 10/13. Dave Holland, Karl Berger, Ing Rid, the Sam Rivers Trio and Mike Manieri's group appeared the first weekend with Anthony Braxton/Richard Teitelbaum duo, Leo Smith's New Dalta Ahkri with Oliver Lake, Wes Brown and Anthony Davis and "The Art of Improvisation" with Ed Blackwell, David Izenson, Ing Rid and Karl Berger appearing at the second session.... JCOA has scheduled its 1976 workshop concerts for the nights of June 23 through July 4 at The Kitchen, 4844 Broome Street, New York. The Jazz Composers' Orchestra will rehearse works by Marvin Peterson, Dave Burrell, Ron McClure, Garrett List, Leo Smith and Michael Gibbs.

Concert activity in New York continues as a stimulating alternative to the predictability of the club scene. WKCR-FM benefitted from concerts given June 12 with the Revolutionary Ensemble, Andrew Cyrille and the Milford Graves Trio with Arthur Doyle and Hugh Glover and June 13 with Anthony Braxton/Dave Holland, Sonny Fortune, Paul Jeffrey, Jimmy Lyons, Joe Lee Wilson and their groups. Both concerts were at Wollman Auditorium.... Oliver Lake and David Murray performed as a duet at Environ, 476 Broadway on June 24.... The Duke Ellington Society on June 11 presented an "Ellington Showcase" recreating the small groups of Hodges, Cootie, Rex Stewart and Barney Bigard with a band under the direction of Bob Wilber.... The Metropolitan Brass Quartet played works by contemporary American composers including Charles Tyler at The Book, 40 West 17th Street on July 2.... The Julius Hemphill Ensemble with Phillip Wilson, Abdul Wadud (cello), Francois Nyemo (guitar) and guests gave two consecutive nights of music/mixed media performances (July 2/3) at Washington Square Church under

the title of "Soundings: American Tongues at 200 Phantoms".... Jaki Byard gave a solo piano recital at Monmouth County Library, Shrewsbury, N.J. on June 10... World Peace Music Productions presented two concerts as "A Tribute to Courage" on June 18 and 19 at Cami Hall. The first was in memory of Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown and featured the Howard McGhee Quintet and the Tex Allen Quintet. The following night was dedicated to the memory of Kenny Dorham and Lee Morgan with the Woody Shaw Quintet and the Cecil Bridgewater Quintet.... Keno Duke's Contemporaries with Jimmy Vass, Lisle Atkinson and Dennis Moorman appeared at Gerald's May 28 and 29.... Monty's, a bar on 3rd Street featured in June the Clifford Jordan band as well as the Brew Moore Memorial Band.... The Hopkins Center in Dartmouth, N.H. presents Ella Fitzgerald in concert July 10.... The Harvard University Jazz Band under the direction of Tom Everett gave a concert April 28 with guest soloists Claudio Roditi and Clark Terry.

The 1976 Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival is being held in Davenport, Iowa July 29-August 1 with bands under the leadership of Bob Barnard, Gene Mayl, Tom Saunders and Sid Dawson as well as the Smokey Stover Memorial Band, New McKinney Cotton Pickers, West Des Moines Dixieland Band and the Davenport Jazz Band with special guests Norma Teagarden and Bill Allred.... The Detroit Hot Jazz Society raised $1000 for the Louis Armstrong Statue Fund at a special bash. Such show business veterans as Bing Crosby and Herb Jeffries have finally got themselves together and two separate concerts in California will probably ensure enough funds being available for transportation and unveiling of the statue on Louis' birthday.... The Original Salty Dogs performed for the Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio on June 13.... Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society played host to Jack McDuff (June 6), Elvin Jones (June 13), Pharoah Sanders (June 20) and Horace Silver (June 27).

Trumpeter Bob Barnard's band is barnstorming its way around North America this summer. He is a leading Australian jazz musician and his band will surprise and delight many people.... The U.S. State Department has sponsored a tour of the Soviet Union by the North Texas Lab Band.... Composer George Russell has received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts in the 1976 Composer/Librettist Program. He also received a National Music Award for his compositions (prior to 1956) and his Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization.... Marion Brown received his master's degree in Ethnomusicology at Wesleyan University in June 1976 and is now devoting himself to music full time once again. Recent performances include appearances at City Library, Springfield, Mass., Studio Rivbea and The Village Gate in New York.... Pianist Erroll Garner, who has been sidelined for more than a year with serious illness, received a salute on the floor of the House of Representatives, Washington D.C., on June 15 - his birthday.

Karl Berger's Creative Music Studio has set the dates for its Fall Session. Student musicians will learn from Karl Berger, Dave Holland, Ed Blackwell, David Izenzon, Jimmy Giuffre, Anthony Braxton and Barry Altschul from October 18 through December 13. For further information write to The Creative Music Studio, P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498 U.S.A.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band has released a record for sale by mail order only. It's a limited edition documentation of a concert at the Atlantic Club in Stockholm, Sweden. The record costs $7.00 postpaid (add $1.00 foreign) from Hickox Productions, 4350 E. Camelback Road, #190-C, Phoenix, Arizona 85018, U.S.A. ... SteepleChase Records has released "Call of the Fiddler" with Claude Williams (SCS 1050) and "Now is the Time" with the Idrees Sulieman Quartet (SCS 1052). Upcoming are albums by Duke Jordan, Tete Montoliu, Niels Henning/Sam Jones, Horace Parlan, Lee Konitz/Herb Galper, Lockjaw Davis and Dexter Gordon.... Creative World Records has repackaged, as two single lps, the legendary Road Show album by Stan Kenton's band with June Christy and The Four Freshmen. Also reissued are "The Romantic Approach" and "The Ballad Style". Creative World Records are available at many stores or from the Kenton organisation at P.O. Box 35216, Los Angeles, Ca.

90035.... Paul Bley's IAI Records has released a duet session with Sam Rivers and Dave Holland (IAI 373843) and "Virtuosi" by Paul Bley's trio with Gary Peacock and Barry Altschul. This trio is touring Japan in July and will be appearing at the Willisau Festival in Switzerland August 28 and September 3 in Helsinki, Finland... Spitball Records (P. O. Box 371, Gratigny Branch, Miami, Florida 33168) announces two new releases. SB-4 Charles Austin and Joe Gallivan: "Mindscapes" is a repackage of an album originally titled "At Last". SB-5 "Straight Ahead To The Light" features a live concert with guitarist Joe Diorio and percussionist Steve Bagby.

Bobby Hackett, one of the real gentlemen of jazz and a great musician, died June 7 of a heart attack at his home in West Chatham, Mass. His contributions to the music were many and his warm personality brought much happiness to many people. The suddeness of his passing was accentuated by the fact that he was working until just a few weeks before his death.

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THAD JONES • MEL LEWIS

Berklee Performance Center,
Boston, Massachusetts

When Thad Jones of the Basie band got together with Mel Lewis of the Mulligan band in 1965, their fusion produced a hybrid of strength, color, spunk, and longevity. Now into its second decade, their great jazz orchestra is going through some growing pains. As if by way of anniversary, Thad split Saturday night's program at Berklee Performance Center - half old, half new. The first set, in fact, included a few numbers recorded just ten years ago this week. To skirt invidious comparison, let it be said that it did not take much listening back to the old Solid State sides of That's Freedom and Mean What You Say to realize that the team of pianist Hank Jones and Richard Davis would be irreplaceable. For that matter, the brass minus Jimmy Knepper and Nottingham sounded raw compared with the band's Harvard Square appearance in 1974.

But life and music go on, and who can live by ossified vinyl? Today's TJ/MLO is mostly well-schooled youngbloods with a few fiery oldbloods to temper things. "We keep a nucleus with flexible sidemen," Thad euphemized, "like Duke's band did in the fifties. Johnny Hodges led the saxes and Harry Carney supported them, but the trumpeters changed like musical chairs." This band's Hodges is Jerry Dodgion and its Carney is Pepper Adams. Talk about mainstays!

Dodgion plays clear and lucid alto, winging with gull-like grace over the most tempestuous charts. He is also an adept if unprolific composer. "About one a year is all I can manage," he grimaces. His one this year is a beautiful ballad tribute to Ellington, Thank You, with an angular melody line Jerry tosses adroitly from his alto to Thad's cornet to Earl McIntyre's trombone. Better quality than quantity.

Adams, another team player of great spirit, is a brisk-witted, mild man and a terror on baritone sax. On Once Around he was passionate without bluster, on Thank You and My Centennial he ripped at the changes like a ravenous shark. Pepper does not double. He too has been in the band since its birth, rock steady.

Thad and Mel themselves are the only other charter members of the band (though reedman Ed Xiques has been aboard half the time and tenor saxophonist Frank Foster is a four-striper from the Basie campaigns). Plenty has been said about both leaders' elan, perseverance, musicianship, friendship. Each wears his years well; large, distinguished, expansive men. Thad directs and emcees with joshing authority; he writes with grace and strength. Sad to say he played very little Saturday; he had torn up Paul's Mall two months before with exquisite valvework.

Mel has to be the tastiest big band drummer in the business. He drives relentlessly but unobtrusively, always listening, never a showboat. His solo on Once Around was an essay in melody and understatement. Others might well heed him.

The second set was all "New Life" off their new A&M Horizon side that celebrates ten years of Monday nights at Max Gordon's Village Vanguard. The record carefully documents the last six months' personnel transitions which include, oddly enough, veteran Al Porcino in and out on lead trumpet for youngblood Jon Faddis. Old lamp for new!

But players come and go, and yet another generation made up a full third of Saturday's band. Bob Bowman, fresh out of Dallas, said he is the latest of a string of bassists after George Mraz. Pianist Mike Wolff is a new face from the West Coast. Both have ability; both need exposure. Thad gave them just that with lots of solo space to cut their teeth on. Other recent standouts: trumpeters Cecil Bridgewater (who writes well) and Wayman Reed (stayed in N.Y.), new tenor Larry Schneider.

The zest and fire of this band can, in the long run, assimilate changes readily. The nucleus of veterans sets the pace and shows the ropes to skittish youngbloods and players with other commitments; Jerry Dodgion, who himself took a brief leave of absence recently, says: "This band is a labor of love. Nobody lives off it."

We can look ahead to 1986, and it will still be Thad's buoyant charts and brilliant playing, Mel's stable drumming, gritty guys like Jerry and Pepper, and some finger-poppin' guardian angel of the TJ/MLO that continue to assure it new life.

- Fred Bouchard

RAN BLAKE

New England Conservatory, Boston

For those who think jazz is jazz and classical is classical and never the twain

photograph of Thad Jones by Ton van Wageningen

shall meet, there are many people at the New England Conservatory who would argue otherwise. Their arguments took musical shape at Jordan Hall when no less than 70 students and colleagues of Ran Blake, Chairman of the Third Stream department at NEC presented 20 fusions of the two musical spheres.

The wide divergence of the musical styles presented gave the concerts its title, "Cross-Stylizations." Groupings ranged from fifteen winds and rhythm playing Josh Pruden's jaunty bagatelle a la Milhaud, to Bill Buchman's swinging rhythm section, to Joe Maneri's Greek folk tunes with clarinet and dumbek, to pianist Jaki Byard's rhapsodic variations of Blake's own work. Jose Masso and Alta Starr amicably shared emcee chores.

It is precisely this coming together of diverse styles of music that the Third Stream department at NEC is all about. The term "Third Stream" was coined twenty years back by Gunther Schuller, now president of the Conservatory, to designate experimental pieces that combined Afro-American (jazz) and Contemporary European (new "classical") elements. Mr. Schuller's own compositions in the idiom were written for groups like the Modern Jazz Quartet and symphony orchestras, and frequently paired jazz rhythms with antique harmonies, as in Seven Studies On Klee, performed by the Boston Symphony.

The jazz-classical fusion is still to the fore in the Third-Stream's (now departmentalized) focus, as evidenced in this program. But far be it from ending there! Into the crucible may go country, folk, ethnic, r&b, soul, mountain, gospel. After all, such cultural confrontations produce the great and multifarious music that is America.

To get an idea of the breadth of styles heard, let us compare the evening's offerings by the five female vocalists: Joanne Rydel's torchy renditions of Charles Mingus' Eclipse was straight jazz, particularly well backed by a swinging quintet. But Toby Silverman, an exquisite vocalist, took a Mingus tribute to Duke Ellington somewhat farther afield with Dan Maier's oblique piano. The svelte and subdued Mae Arnette (no stranger to Boston's jazz fans, Mae now sings Fridays at Scotch & Sirloin) transmuted an old standard Gray December into a moody chamber piece, darker than Schubert's lowest depths. Bill Buchman's trio backed discreetly.

Charles Ives (1874-1954), an old iconoclast himself among "serious" composers, was irreverently homaged when Laurie Monahan crisply sang his brief sketch Ann Street with a couple of violins thrown in with the piano.

Let's see - straight jazz, far-out jazz, art-song, bent classical and, oh yes - soul-classical! The mellifluous combination of Jezra Kaye and Jerry Clay took Leon Sylvers' soul hit Wish I Could Talk To You Baby for a joy ride into dissonance and topsy-turvy variations.

It is not necessary for each piece to be a hybrid, since the concerts themselves are meeting-grounds for crossing cultures. Each student in the Third Stream department consciously brings his own cultural and musical background to bear on his playing and composing.

"We don't use much written music here," says oboist Hankus Netsky. "We listen and relisten. Our responses determine our interpretations of the music." Netsky, responsible for the concert's Epilogue, summed up many of the evening's ideas into a brilliant, heartfelt oboe solo built on Mingus' Self Portrait. Throughout the concert, idle performers sat on sofas stage left or in the audience, absorbing their colleagues' ideas - a real workshop atmosphere.

The term "recomposition" caught my eye in the program. How does it differ from improvisation on somebody else's tune? "Well," Netsky explained, "you don't just blow on the chord progressions as with most improvised jazz. You pick elements of the tune that appeal to you. You may alter the melody, reharmonize the chords, or play in an Eastern mode, but the composer's original spirit is always with you." How the process works was shown with a tune called The Wind, written in 1955 by West Coast composer Russ Freeman. At the concert it was given a uniquely breezy rendition with lots of Baroque swoops by oboist Netsky and flautist Carol Sudhalter. Netsky explains its evolution:

"Ran played us June Christy's vocal version. We liked the tune, but not the arrangement. Carol and I practiced the melody in unison. Then we worked out an introduction, then an ending, then some fills. Even if we weren't playing the melody at a given moment, we had to hear it in each other's playing, or sometimes hit the harmonies. It became our free fantasy of Freeman's tune."

Other notable examples were small-band recompositions of Blake tunes by Bruce Henderson and Anthony Coleman. Henderson opened the show with an introspective piano solo based on Vanguard. Then he moved to the podium, Clyde Criner moved to the keyboard, and the 11 players moved into an exciting up-tempo with funky bass-line for bassoon and electric bass and Sam Mathews' wailing tenor. Coleman's septet chart of Breakthrough was equally exciting, but more stark and loose. Sinewy ensemble passages and horn cheers flanked the solos.

I liked both pieces, but couldn't hear their connection with solo piano versions Blake had recorded on ESP records in 1962. "Oh, you wouldn't," Blake reassured me. "Bruce borrowed only one phrase (he hummed it) and built a riff figure on it. Tony kept my melody more in mind, but he added some chords, and thoroughly rewrote it."

Other highlights: Kenny Mason's vibrant flugelhorn, guitarist Albin Zak and clarinettist Joe Maneri in an uproarious Middle Eastern romp, the reed colors of John West's Tita. A post-concert treat: Jaki Byard rollicked onstage and cantilevered smooth piano variations of the abovementioned Blake tunes into all corners of Jordan Hall.

The next Third Stream concert was to be an evening of gospel music with the Choir of the Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ, Hartford, Ct. Gospel? "Sure", said Blake. "This group has some wonderful expressions of traditional gospel forms and their organist sounds like Stravinsky without having heard him. Just their exposure to our academic environment will be a revelation."

Sounds like there's plenty of food for thought - and ears - with Third Stream music. - Fred Bouchard

SONG OF THE TENOR

Shaw Theatre, Camden, England
March 18, 1976

The fortnight long Camden Music Festival took the sensible option this year of celebrating American music, prompted by that nation's bicentennial. Naturally enough, jazz received its due with a week of concerts, organised by the Jazz Centre Society, at the 500-seater Shaw Theatre in London. American soloists abounded and most were saxophonists: their styles as varied as the music. For once, intelligent programming and forethought avoided the irritating hangups that so often befall visiting jazz stars - each had, it seems, his proper setting and appropriate accompanists. Audience reaction was positive too - there were full house attendances for the majority of the concerts presented.

So to "Song of the Tenor" - the title, incidentally, of the new Phillips album featuring the concert's participants. Notably, Bud Freeman, the Dorian Gray of the tenor saxophone and his erstwhile partner from the WGJB, clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Bob Wilber.

Joined by Bruce Turner to complete an all-reed frontline, the visitors were backed by a trio of highly disparate specialists: pianist Keith Ingham, keyboard custodian for the great strengths of American popular music, bassist Peter Ind, and Bobby Orr whose assertive drumming usually supports more "modern" players. The difference in rhythmic outlook between these three led to some unease early on - certainly the concert was slow to "get going". Not disasterously so, for the first half included a number of fine things: later though, the music's proper elements came together perfectly as each man instinctively sought the correct blend with his companions.

Using the album format as the basic theme for the concert worked well: the group broke down to quintets, quartets, trios and so on, to provide a fine balance of balladry and driving improvisation. Each instrumentalist had his chance and Wilber's routining of the jammed numbers emphasised again his flair for organising and thinking through varied ways of presenting so-called traditional jazz.

Early on, "That D Minor Thing", a WGJB blues feature for Bud and Bob added Turner - permitting each to apply his personal stamp to the proceedings, Wilber's soprano the more heated, Turner grappling with the harmonies most effectively and Freeman sailing blithely through, his trademark phrases falling ready clustered to the fingers. The Song Is You was a solo for Turner - tinged by Parker in the alto's upper register, with Orr a trifle busy in accompaniment. Then Freeman soloed on You Took Advantage Of Me, rocking, one leg held forward, gently to and fro as he bubbled tunefully, the improvisations largely patterned on simple melodic variations. To follow, a gem: a trio based on the Commodore recording of Exactly Like You with Ingham emphatic in a stride solo leading to a genuinely creative exchange of fours between Freeman and Orr.

Bob Wilber's solo was Joplin's Solace, opening out of tempo, the delights of the melody never more eloquently expressed, the depth of tone and sheer beauty of execution evoking rapt attention from his audience. Wilber has been justly acclaimed for his soprano work, his mastery of that notorious instrument never in doubt.

For the second half, Freeman introduced The Eel's Nephew, a second generation original: bright, this produced fine Goodmanesque clarinet from Wilber again. Then to Keith Ingham's solo sequence. First, on Thou Swell where his development of the theme embraced a whole spectrum of influences and pianistic styles to superb effect, and then on Some Other Spring, understated and gently lyrical. A most accomplished performer, Ingham is deservedly receiving increasing critical attention. His duet with Ind on Body And Soul permitted the bassist to demonstrate his command of pizzicato technique, notably in horn-like phrasing and fullness of tone.

Wilber's neat original Chalumeau Blue for two clarinets brought Turner back, contrasting his exploratory Bigard influenced lines with Wilber's fluency. Tea For Two was another vehicle for the Freeman trio, with Orr putting in a touch of drum comedy before a final blues for the full band led to spirited ensemble and solo playing of the highest order, paced by the powerful swing of the rhythm section. Just time for an encore, I Got Rhythm, performed with great urgency and building drive by all, and then Freeman was graciously reminding us of what a super audience we'd been.

Mellow music, skillfully miked and lit, staged in a comfortable auditorium: more please! - Peter Vacher

photograph of Bud Freeman by Bill Smith

THE ALL STARS

The Westbury Hotel, Toronto
June 21 to July 2, 1976

Assembling all star packages is a tricky business - especially when they are being grafted to lesser local celebrities. Such was the case with this band. It began last year when Jim Galloway, a talented saxophonist who has demonstrated his capabilities with many of his peers, persuaded the Montreux festival to accept his idea of bringing a band to Switzerland's festival. To give it international status it was agreed that several top flight "names" would be added. Through the winter months there were several permutations which ultimately ended with Buddy Tate, Jay McShann and Cat Anderson being the selected "stars". Dan Mastri was to be the bassist and Paul Rimstead the drummer. By opening night one more change had been made - Buck Clayton, making his first public appearance in at least six years, replaced Cat Anderson who had broken his legs in an automobile accident.

The band met on the bandstand for the first time and the repertoire has remained predictable. Much of the effort has been directed towards encouraging Buck Clayton in his dramatic return to public playing after a layoff fraught with all kinds of medical/psychological difficulties. The first few nights were shaky affairs and it seemed possible that disaster was around the corner. Somewhere along the way, though, a transformation began and Buck's lip/lungs/confidence/conception began to come together. For now he has settled for a less adventurous stance. He has yet to soar into the upper register for those cascading runs which send the adrenalin flowing but he is constructing solos of taste, imagination and craft which are executed with solid technique. It has been quite an experience to see the rebirth of this great musician.

Buddy Tate and Jay McShann are master musicians whose dependability often hide the remarkable facility and variety of their music. McShann's rolling piano set and maintained the tempos and mood of the music - he is incapable of preventing the music from swinging and his introductions and solos on numbers ranging from Tangerine to In A Mellotone bespeak a man of much talent and experience. His own specialty numbers are electrifying. His unique concept of blues piano sets the entire room rocking.

It's been nearly twenty years since I first heard Buddy Tate in person and his virtuosity and consistency continue to move and amaze me. He is constantly exploring fresh ideas in his solos and the tough vibrancy of his tenor sound is one of the enduring characteristics of jazz music. His choice of material is always stimulating - and sometimes surprising.

Playing alongside a musician of Tate's calibre could be an intimidating experience but Jim Galloway handles himself and his soprano sax with distinction. He has become an identifiable stylist on the instrument and the fluency of his solos has improved remarkably with consistent interaction with the giants. His rhythmic freedom has improved considerably - helping to make his solos more coherent and dramatic, while his ensemble sense contributed a valuable part to the blend of the three horn front line.

Dependable would be the key word in any description of the time-keeping team of Mastri and Rimstead. Their solidarity was all important in holding the music together. Rimstead, in particular, was a surprise. He must be the most improved musician of the year.

This two week engagement was a prelude to a European junket. Given the limitations imposed by time and the restructuring of Clayton's career it was not surprising that there was little that was fresh in either the repertoire or presentation. But the performance of the music was exemplary and that is what counts.

- John Norris

ELLINGTON IS FOREVER

Cathedral Church of St. John The Divine,
New York, N.Y.
April 29, 1976

A concert titled "Ellington Is Forever" on Duke Ellington's birthday, April 29, in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, New York, was a success on all levels.

It made a joyful noise unto the Lord, which Duke would have liked. It filled the hearts of its hearers with joy, not sadness. The Ellington band, now led by Mercer Ellington, and made up mostly of musicians Duke never led personally, sounded superb. The concert made money for Cuttington College in Liberia, one of the countries where Duke felt he was among "home folks".

The concert was held in the church where Duke had led the premiere of the second of his three concerts of sacred music and the church where, in May 1974, his funeral service was solemnized.

On the program were songs from each of the sacred concerts - those concerts were close to Duke's heart - and in fact the three chosen were the title songs of the sacred concerts. They were In The Beginning God, Praise God And Dance and The Majesty Of God.

The main sections of the concert, though, were the 30-minute "Liberian Suite", which hadn't been performed in its entirety since Ellington led its premiere at Carnegie Hall in 1947, and the premiere of "The Three Black Kings," 15 minutes long, Ellington's last major composition, listed in the program as "composed by Duke Ellington and Mercer Ellington".

The evening began with the First Lady, Betty Ford, entering - on her way to a Broadway play about the American presidency - greeting Ellington's granddaughter, Gaye, and stepping to a microphone to say, "I did not want to miss paying tribute to the Duke."

All three of Ellington's grandchildren were present, Edward Kennedy Ellington II in the band playing guitar, and Gaye and Mercedes in the audience. Duke's sister, Ruth, was also present.

Before the music started, Eleanor Holmes Norton, on behalf of New York's mayor, read a proclamation in which she called Ellington "one of the world's musical greats" and proclaimed the day Duke Ellington Day in the city. The Hampton Choir, a marvelously disciplined group, combining precision with musicality, from a black American college, Hampton College, started the music with "The

photograph of Buck Clayton by Ton van Wageningen

Lord's Prayer". Anita Moore, whose voice impressed Duke so much that she sang with his band during school vacations her last two years of college, until she could graduate and become a band vocalist full time, sang Come Sunday, accompanied by piano, then followed with the up tempo Tell Me It's The Truth.

Mercer Ellington explained that the title of the concert came from a record album title by guitarist Kenny Burrell, "Ellington Is Forever". Burrell couldn't be present but Mercer introduced a musician who was, though not listed in the program, bassist Charles Mingus. Mingus, on his way to play a scheduled gig later in the evening, played a glowing, solo Sophisticated Lady, using no bowing. He said into the mike, "I played with Mercer's band in 1941 in Los Angeles, California, and I'm glad to see him with a good band." Mercer responded with a gracious, "Thank you, Charlie - Charles. He is proof I had a good band even then."

Then Mercer explained that "The Three Black Kings" was written about the king at the Nativity, King Caspar; King Solomon, and Martin Luther King Jr. Mercer said, "Pop never had a chance to perform it himself and we have since given it our interpretation." It is a fascinating piece to listen to. One critic said it had "a flowing, strongly rhythmic line, climaxed by a sweeping waltz full of light and color."

It began with a fast tempo, lots of drums and the piano in a running figure, then a broad melody taking over. The second section started with piano alone, then became a lively jump tune, then a smooth melody flowing with growling trumpets underneath. There were solos for tenor sax, then baritone, then a different melody for the whole band to blare in that way that Ellington could make a blare be cool, not hot.

The third section started quiet and sweet with the kind of deft piano solo that Ellington wrote for himself. Pianist Lloyd Mayers sometimes sounded uncannily like Duke, then sometimes entirely unlike. The final melody was greeted, we noticed, by a murmur of recognition by the audience. The audience didn't really know it and Ellington wasn't reworking his old tunes when he wrote it; it's just so very typically Ellingtonian and so good that they audience was greeting it with approval which the next time will really be recognition.

"The Liberian Suite" followed, with Joe Williams singing the only "song" in it, I Like The Sunrise. That song is like Come Sunday in that it's obviously important. It's important in being a worthy song; it isn't important in the sense of being pretentious. In fact, its lovely simplicity is one thing that makes it touching, effective and memorable.

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, led by Ailey, a choreographer who is a great admirer of Ellington and has written dances to a number of his works of music, performs a version of "Liberian Suite". We have come to like that shorter version more than the complete work performed on April 29. We were glad to hear "The Liberian Suite" at the concert and found it appropriate, but also found the music somewhat rambling. It isn't our favorite of the group of serious, extended suites that Ellington composed.

The ambassador to the United Nations from Liberia, Angie Brooks-Randolph, was present and introduced a number of other dignitaries from her country in the audience. She presented to Mercer Ellington the Order of the Republic of Liberia and fastened the medal, on its broad pink and green ribbon, around his neck and told him he could wear it publicly. "The Liberian Suite", she said, was written by Duke Ellington at the request of the Liberian government and the piece was played in the White House when the late President Tubman of Liberia visited the late U.S. President Johnson. "Now," she said, "Mercer Ellington honors my country once more by assisting in improving one of our few but most precious institutions of learning."

Mercer, after a brief sentence, "I will do my utmost to live up to such a wonderful honor," returned to conducting the music. Joe Williams' magnificent baritone was as beautiful as we've ever heard it, singing In The Beginning God, warmly swinging Ain't Nothing Wrong With That; then singing his own favorite of Ellington's works, Heritage, and Mercer's favorite of his father's songs, Jump For Joy.

Then pianist Dave Brubeck came on, with three of his sons, electric pianist Darius, guitarist Chris and drummer Danny, and played a most attractive piece he wrote 18 years ago, The Duke. It went into Things Ain't What They Used To Be, Brubeck's piano rocking gently, and then a fast-tempo Take The A Train, in which the band joined.

The Hampton Choir, conducted this time by Roland Carter - previously by Roscoe Gill - sang a solid You Must Have That True Religion.

Sarah Vaughn and her trio performed Solitude, during which her voice warmed up, then I Got It Bad, accompanied by the band. On that one, her voice soared, unsurpassed. There was a roar of applause, so she came back for an encore. All guest musicians had been making very short appearances - which had the virtue of keeping the concert from running too long, as some tributes do. So Miss Vaughn didn't expect to sing an encore and she said, "These are the only two Duke tunes I've been doing regularly so I have to do something else." She sang The Man I Love and dedicated it to Duke. She really put a more jarring note than one would have expected into the concert, by doing that. Somehow, though she sang it well, it didn't sound "right", and one wondered why she hadn't learned another Ellington song, just in case of an encore.

The concert ended with the band, the Hampton Choir, and soprano soloist Devonne Gardner, who has often sung at performances of the Second Sacred Concert, presenting The Majesty Of God and Praise God And Dance. In the finale, where a few soloists dance in the aisles, Tony Watkins, vocalist in Duke's band in his last years, stepped out from the congregation to join in the dancing.

It had been two and a half hours of music, in a gratifying emotional context, uplifting, well planned, well performed, well named. Ellington Is Forever.

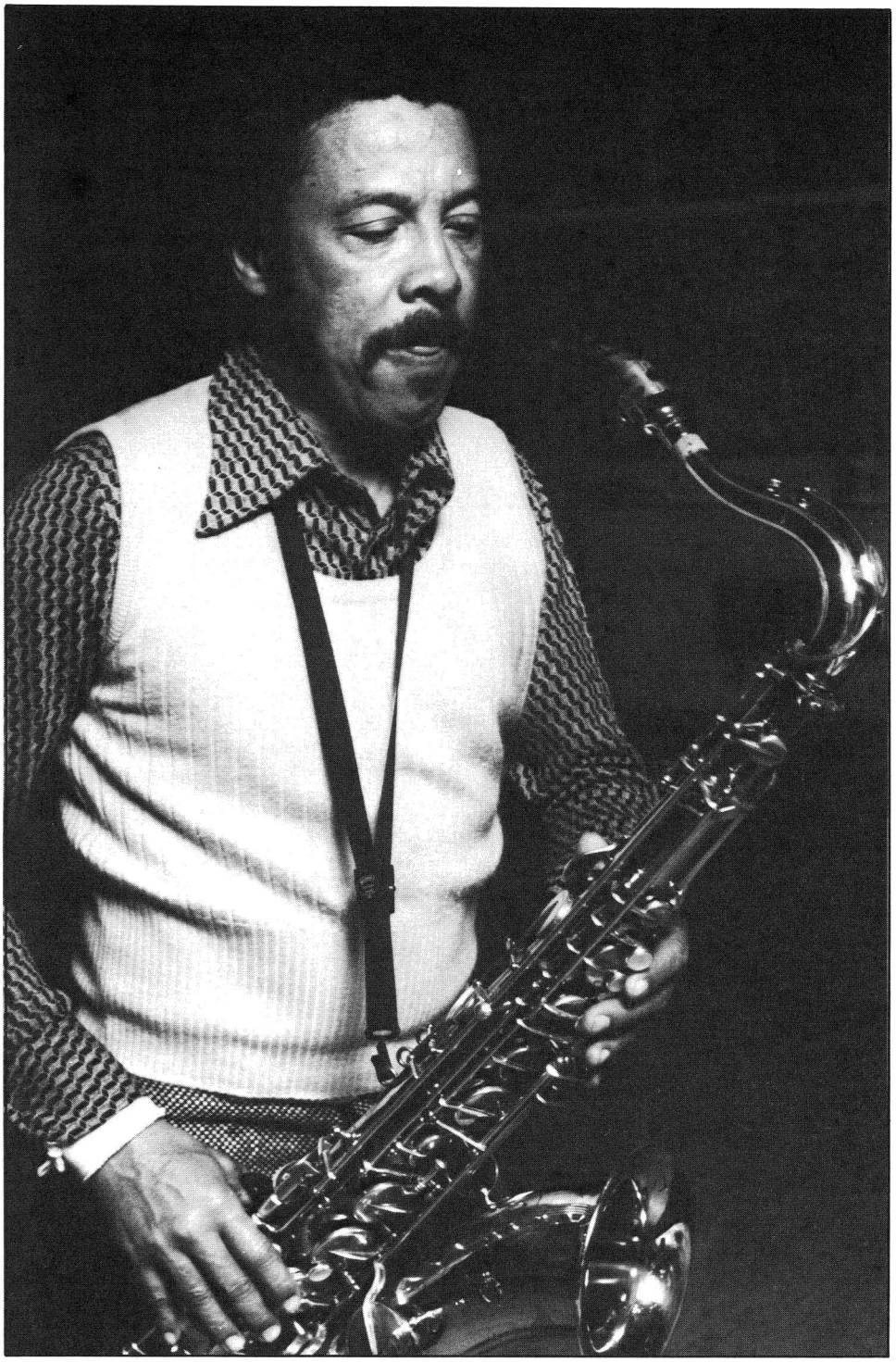
- Mary Campbell

JIMMY WITHERSPOON

Basin Street, Toronto
May 20, 1976

Few blues singers have succeeded in transferring the raw emotionalism of the the idiom to the night club stage. This is especially true of today, when the roots of the music's heritage are fading rapidly into the past. It is a commentary on the times that when Jimmy Witherspoon was informing the audience that Joe Williams' hit of Memphis Slim's Everyday I Have The Blues (also done by B.B. King) had its precedents he was talking about a success that is now 20 years old.

Despite the glossy trappings of many of Spoon's recent records his "in person" presentation is as basic and interesting/moving as ever. He puts across the blues



with intensity, verve and precision and, like Jimmy Rushing, is more musician than singer. With him on this occasion was an organist and drummer from the West Coast as well as Toronto's Rob Pilch whose guitar fills and solos surprised both musicians and listeners with their aptness and authority. It was a heavy responsibility and was carried off with ease.

Spoon was in fine fettle as he worked through a familiar but highly pleasing repertoire. He gets to the core of the lyrics in such songs as Trouble In Mind, Confessin' The Blues and See See Rider while swinging exuberantly in the faster numbers. His phrasing is gracefully taut and emphatic and he is continuing to be a premier interpreter and preacher of the blues.

- John Norris

GRIFFIN & THOMPSON

Concorde Club, Eastleigh,
Hampshire, England
June 9, 1976

Johnny Griffin, small, compact, restless, outgoing. The man is a fount of surging, creative energy. He likes to play fast and hard; he needs a good rhythm section to keep up. The Eddie Thompson Trio can do more than that. Griffin and Thompson share a common ground; they possess an abundance of technique. This may sometimes be a failing when they pour an excess of effort into a solo. But this night was right and a near perfect balance and rapport was struck.

Thompson, of course, is blind but like Tatum and Shearing he has shrugged off this handicap and seems to have actually turned it to an advantage. There are no visual distractions to bug him and he's a gentle, good-natured man (as he was proving around this time in a short television series for the BBC).

Pianist Thompson with trio-mates Len Skeat (bass) and Martin Drew (drums) opened the first set, sans Griffin, by playing a relaxed This Can't Be Love, followed by When Lights Are Low. The "Little Giant" of the tenor emerged to wail his own Music Inn Blues and followed this by some of his finest playing of the evening on a medium grooved Like Someone In Love.

On their brief tour the four had obviously struck up a good understanding and this was particularly evident in the exchanges between Griffin and Drew on All The Things You Are when the breaks were scaled down from four bars to two and finally one. Drew, though suffering from the dreaded hay-fever, was in wonderful fettle and J.G. lifted him. He has become, in the last year or two, one of Britain's most inspired percussionists. With brushes he is delicate and sensitive but when power, drive and urgency are required he can turn it on from bar one. Later we heard a tasty version of Erroll Garner's Mount Carmel (and Eddie, who has a deep respect for Erroll, announced sadly that Garner was ill), and then an emotional Body And Soul from Griffin. Stella By Starlight was a typically exuberant tear-up for Johnny and Eddie and the evening closed with a blazing trip through Wee Dot land.

The guy who runs the Concorde Club has transformed what was once an old country school into a really comfortable and conducive place for playing and listening to live jazz. It has a nice restaurant and between sets you can step out on to a pleasant terrace and watch a clear stream drift lazily by. Ducks and ducklings waddle about its banks. It is a pastoral scene - so different from the usual city upholstered sewer where so many musicians are unhappily confined.

As for Johnny Griffin, now residing in Holland, the European years appear to have done him no harm whatsoever. He still has fire in his belly and harbours no desire to return to the U.S.A. "Europe has spoiled me," he confided. It certainly hasn't spoiled his exciting, vibrant style as showed so convincingly on Blue Monk - the expressive tone and inexhaustible flow of ideas were all there, just as they had been on a night 18 years previously when Griff and Monk blew the tune into immortality at the Five Spot.

Johnny will not be marching home (to Chicago, that is) and for European audiences this means we can continue to enjoy the great pleasure of his musical company.

- Mark Gardner

photograph of Johnny Griffin by Jorgen Bo

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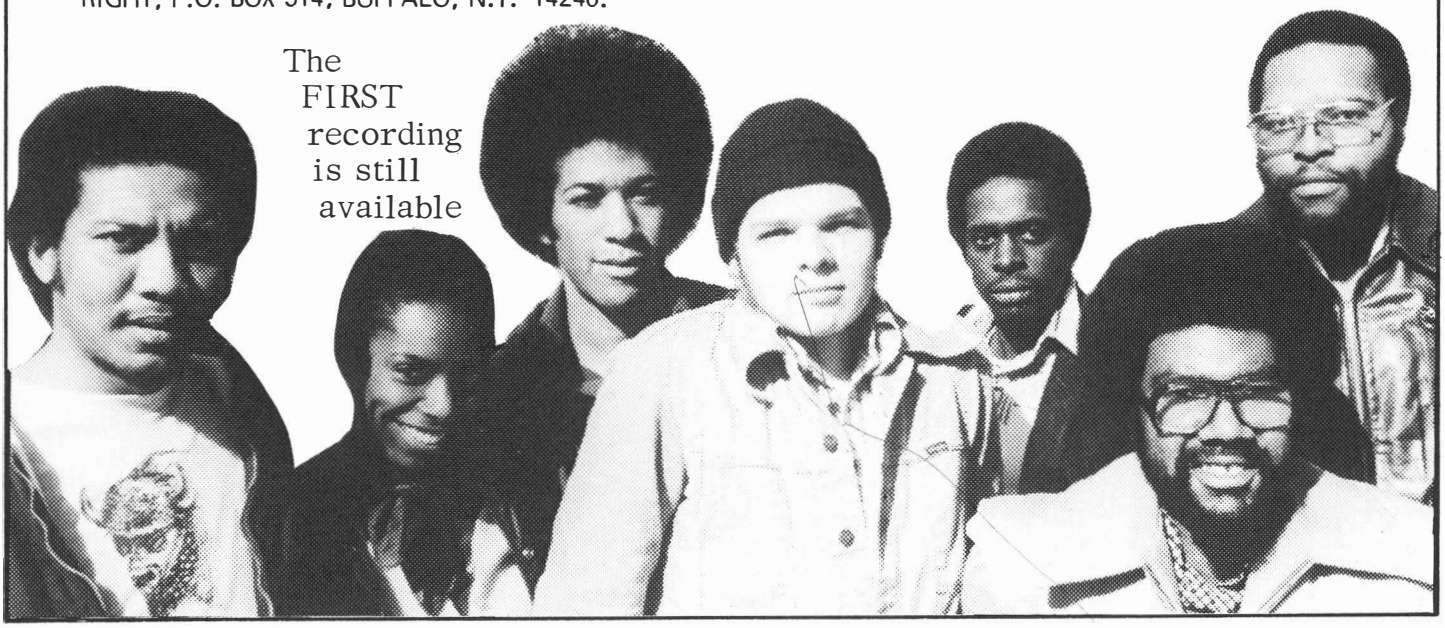

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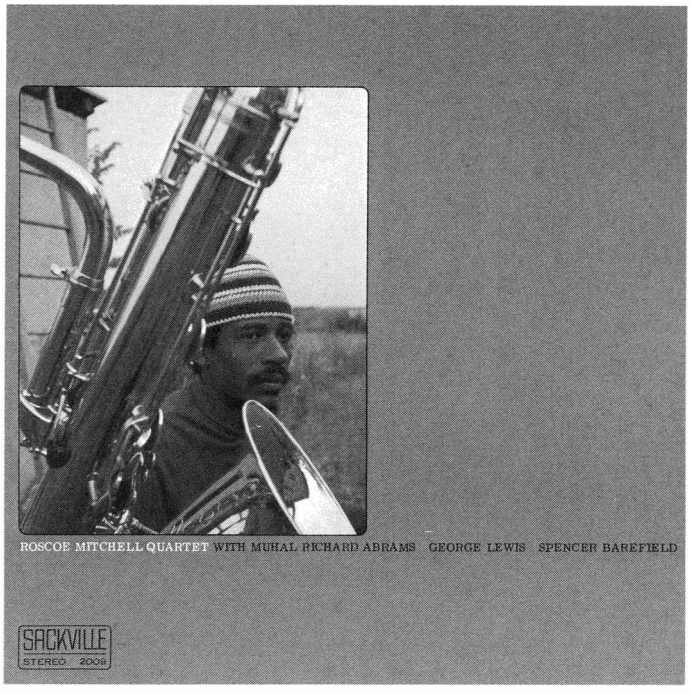

ROSCOE MITCHELL QUARTET - 2009
Roscoe Mitchell (saxophones), Muhal Richard Abrams (piano), George Lewis (trombone), Spencer Barefield (guitar).
Side One: Tnoona, Music For Trombone And Bb Soprano
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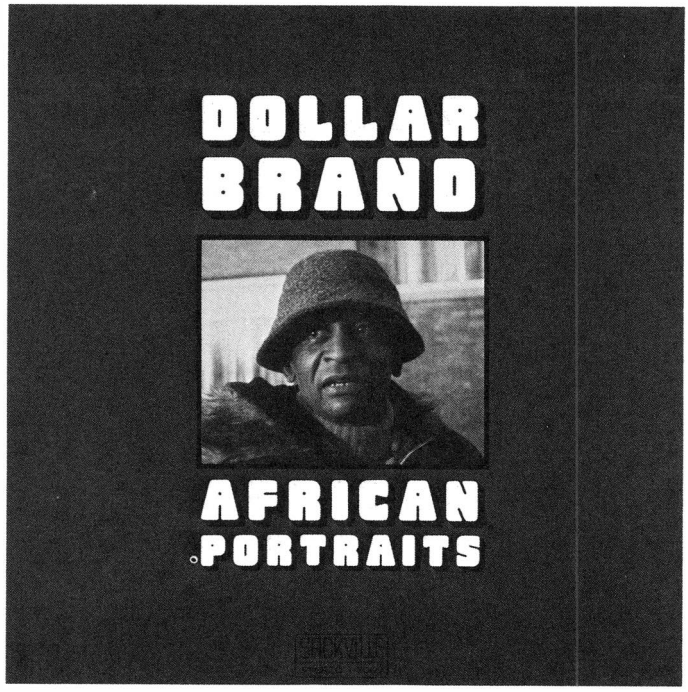

AFRICAN PORTRAITS - 3009
Dollar Brand (solo piano)
Side One: Cherry/Bra Joe From Kilimanjaro (21:18)
Side Two: Blues For Hughie, Kippie, Gafsa - Life Is For The Living, Death Is For Us All, Gwangwa, Little Boy, Easter Joy, Jabulani, Xaba (24:10)
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